

THE

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

OCTOBER, 1876.

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

FIRST PAPER.

TO possess and display jewels has been a passion among all nations, from the days of Solomon downward. It was seen among the idolaters of Somnath; it blazed at the feet of the Esterhayes; it has culminated in our own day in the tiara and belt of Nasr-Shah-Eddin, who, during his recent visit to Europe, made himself the cynosure of all beholders by reason of the diamonds that flamed upon his aigrette, his breast, and the hilt and sheath of his cimeter.

The flutter occasioned a few months since by the presentation of a superb set of diamonds as a wedding gift to the daughter of an American major-general, by the Khedive of Egypt, has scarcely yet subsided.

We boast of our advanced civilization, and the severity of our tastes as to mere display in attire and equipage, but under the last analysis our identity of character, and especially in the matter of barbaric and ostentatious exhibition of wealth with those whom we sometimes affect to despise, is established.

Precious stones, cut as gems, were used as religious emblems in the earliest times. They were the chief features in the Urim and Thummim, and in the breastplate of the high-priest when dressed for the most solemn services of the great day of expiation. Jewels are spoken of by the

prophets to set forth the beauty of holiness in the hearts of the truly pious, and the high estimate set by the Lord upon his chosen one. Precious stones, gems, and pearls are referred to in the New Testament, in the words of Christ and his apostles, to indicate the highest forms of excellence and the greatest values; and in that most gorgeous of descriptions, that of the New Jerusalem, in the Apocalypse, precious stones hold the first place.

An Arab tradition, many centuries old, states that there was in Paradise a temple built of precious stones, so intensely glorious that no man dared to utter its splendours. Deep in the midst of the palms of Eden it stood, angel built—a dazzling sanctuary. Our first parents sang their vesper songs in the twilight shadows of its courts; for there were pillared halls, and the cloisters of emerald and pearl, where fountains sprang aloft in the silent noon, and long, luminous vistas, where, hand in hand, those first two lovers walked in sinless beauty. There were also pinnacles and domes of sapphire, blazing in the sunlight by day and glittering in the starlight by night. From court and terrace waters welled out, and iris-crested cascades fell down to cool shady dells of asphodel below; for the temple was placed far within the privacies

of that valley of Eden, whence the four rivers flowed eastward. However, sad to relate, upon the day that Adam fell, this glorious temple was shattered into a million fragments, and sown broadcast over all the earth. These fragments we now occasionally light upon, and gather up with cost and care, and call them rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds; but they are only the splinters of that primeval palace. The sunset splendors and the diadems of princes, the Milky Way that illuminates the midnight heavens, and the spray that sparkles in the entanglement of a maiden's hair, are but the costly dust of that lost sanctuary, the sad remembrances of a departed Eden.

Mohammedans ascribe peculiar medicinal virtues to the various precious stones. The ruby is said to fortify the heart, and protect the wearer from the plague and the thunder stroke. Placed under the tongue, it is supposed to quench thirst, and to preserve the wearer from the temptation of committing suicide by drowning. The diamond defends the wearer from epileptic attacks, and cures the colic. The emerald is an infallible specific for the bites of vipers; if it is powdered and drunk in water it cures all venomous wounds. If an emerald is shown to a viper it will put out its eyes. It is a charm against epilepsy, and, if gazed upon steadfastly, it strengthens the sight. The turquoise is held in great esteem, being considered useful in diseases of the eye, the bites of scorpions, and for strengthening the sight. The carnelian varies in its virtues according to the depth of its color,—if deep-red, it is said to prevent the sad effects of anger; if flesh-colored, with white rays, it stops hemorrhages; another kind, when reduced to powder, is said to cure toothache. Emery is said to cure all kinds of wounds and internal diseases. Lapis lazuli, when powdered, serves in cases of diseased eyes; and hematite relieves the gout and other maladies. When powdered, and mixed with milk or warm water, it is said to

counteract the effects of poison. Rock crystal is considered a preventive of bad dreams. Jeshu, a kind of jade stone, is thought to keep away thunder and unpleasant dreams. Jesb, another kind of jade, is esteemed useful in disorders of the throat and stomach. Cat's-eye preserves the wearer, it is thought, from the glances of the "evil-eye," and defies the strokes of fate; and, moreover, if hard pressed in a combat, and one present it to his adversary, he may escape unharmed, as it is said to render him invisible. These are only some of the wonderful virtues of precious stones, and some of them not especially precious, as accorded to them by the superstitions of the East.

Passing to modern times, and to countries nearer to ourselves, we find the same high regard for precious stones, though somewhat differently manifested.

The famous collection in the Louvre of cups and vases cut out of rock crystal, or sardonyx and other semi-transparent stones, is perhaps the richest in existence, not excepting those of the Cabinet of Gems at Florence, and the Grüne Gewölbe and other treasure chambers in Germany. Arranged with the enamels of Limoges, in the gorgeous Gallery of Apollo, it comprises the rarest specimens of the lapidary's art. Vases of precious materials formed, from the first centuries of the French monarchy, part of the royal treasures. The produce of Greece or Rome, they had been taken by the invaders of the Roman empire, who had, in their turn, been deprived of their spoils by other barbarian tribes. That rock crystal was held as rare and curious is proved by the crystal ball deemed worthy to be interred in the tomb of the father of Charlemagne, together with—what a warrior most prized—his sword.

Again, the celebrated agate cup preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, on which is sculptured the mysteries of Bacchus and Ceres, was the gift of Charles the Simple to the Abbey of St Denis; and when Eleanor of Aquitaine

was affianced to Louis le Jeune, her present to the King on her betrothal was a vase of crystal, the sides carved in a honey-comb pattern, which the minister, Suger, a patron of art, caused to be mounted in silver-gilt filigree, and enriched with precious stones. In the same collection are many other specimens belonging to the Abbé, a richly mounted cruet (burette), cut out of a single piece of sardonyx given him by the King, and offered by Suger to the saints and martyrs, as an inscription round the foot sets forth.

Another, an ancient amphora of porphyry, probably of Egyptian workmanship, has been ingeniously mounted by Suger's workmen in the form of an eagle, intended probably as an evangelistic symbol.

There is also a representation given by M. Barbet de Jouy, as we learn from the English Academy, of another ancient vessel, called the vase of Mithridates, referring to the vases and cups of precious materials, enriched with precious stones, which formed part of the spoils carried in the triumph of Pompey, and which first introduced a passion for these costly vessels into Rome.

Passing over an interval of many centuries, the next period of the development of the lapidary's art is that of Louis XII and Francis I. Rock crystal and jasper were then the chosen materials. Oriental rock crystal was preferred on account of its purer water, but that of the Alps was extensively used, and Milan, where it was an article of commerce, had a school for engraving upon crystal. The Louvre collection is rich in specimens exquisitely engraved with subjects, and others fashioned in the form of shells, birds, and various grotesque devices. The Italian artists of the school of Fontainebleau introduced a taste for mythological subjects, and we learn that the mounting and decoration of the cups, ewers, and other vessels of this period are all adorned with pagan deities. Cellini introduced colored enamels combined with the metal mountings; and under the

sons of Henry II translucent enamels of ruby red, emerald green, and sapphire blue were in favor. Under Henry IV opaque enamels were added to the brilliant translucent gems of the Valois.

From the Renaissance the specimens are numerous, and mounted in the richest style of decoration, gold, enamels, and precious stones.

On a sardonyx cup of the sixteenth century a cameo head of Elizabeth is introduced.

On referring to the interesting work of M. Barbet de Jouy, the learned conservator of the Louvre, who describes the most characteristic pieces in the collection, we learn that the Minerva cup has the head of the goddess in gold, gems, and enamels, the helmet of onyx, surmounted by a winged dragon. This cup, resembling in its style of decoration the beautiful sardonyx ewer belonging to Mr. Beresford Hope, was abstracted from the crown jewels of France at the end of the last century.

But the time had come when the costly cups, ewers, sweetmeat boxes, and vases of rock crystal, bloodstone, lapis lazuli, and jasper, decorated by a Cellini or engraved by a Bernardi or a Misseroni, were to give place to the productions of Murano, to whom Europe became tributary, for two centuries, for her enameled vases, and her glass with filigree ornaments, and of graceful forms.

Many of the Louvre specimens attributed to Italian art were the work of French artists.

We generally speak of the diamond as the most valuable of gems, but this is not really the case. A beautiful Oriental ruby is more rare and costly than the most beautiful diamond, but it depends for its value upon its color. The perfect ruby has a deep and brilliant red; others have the paler tint of gooseberry-jelly, and some are of a violet color. For the last hundred and fifty years no rubies have been dug from the earth; so there has been no addition to the stock before that time in the hands of man. Ceylon, India, and China have supplied the finest; and

France claims to have in her collections the largest of known rubies. It came to the crown in such an outlandish shape that no lapidary could make any thing of it without cutting it down to an ordinary size, as it projected sharply on opposite sides. But the genius of one, Mons. Guc, saw the Angel of Royalty in the unshapely mass, and cut accordingly, giving the stone the form of a dragon with open wings, who had taken so much fire-broth in the paternal palace that it made him sick, and he now vomits flame. This ruby dragon has been placed in the Order of the Fleece, as a hint that all royal fleecers of the people consort with the dragon.

The ruby is the next hardest stone to the diamond. In Burmah the finding of one of these jewels was made a state event; the grandees of the empire went out to meet it, with elephants, and all the grandeur of Eastern state. There are many shades of red, but the most approved, and that commanding the highest price, is that of the "pigeon's blood." Our ancestors believed that the ruby was endowed with a certain occult intelligence. It was believed that the gem darkened when danger awaited a person, and grew bright again when the danger had passed away. In the East the superstitious ideas connected with it are as rife as ever.

The King of Burmah, one of whose titles is that of Lord of Rubies, has one the size of a pigeon's egg. The value of these gems goes on increasing at a much higher ratio than that of the diamond. When its weight is as much as four carats, its value varies from four hundred to five hundred and fifty pounds, a sum more than double that of a diamond of the same weight. It must be remembered that the ruby is merely a red sapphire, and that there are white, yellow, and violet kinds of the same stone; or, in other words, the sapphire differs from the ruby only in its blue color. But occurring more abundantly, and larger, it is of less value. They are practically identical in hardness, density,

and composition, being both nearly pure alumina, which also constitutes the mineral corundum, so useful as a polishing and grinding agent. Emery, too, is only an impure form of alumina. Rubies are very well imitated by pastes, and not unfrequently very fine garnets are palmed off by unscrupulous dealers as genuine rubies, although the fraud can be readily detected, as garnet is a much softer stone, and has different optical properties.

One gem at least, in the crown of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, is of great antiquity and high historic interest. The large sapphire, the partial drilling of which suggests that it may have formerly figured in the turban of some Eastern sultan, was purchased by George IV; but in the front of the diadem, and in the center of the Maltese cross of diamonds, is the famous ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Nagera, near Vittoria, A. D. 1367. This ruby was worn by Henry V, in his helmet, at Agincourt, in 1415. The gem is pierced right through, according to the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled with a small ruby. The *fleurs-de-lis* between the crosses contain rose-diamonds, each flower having a ruby in the center.

A splendid collection of jewels, bequeathed to the English nation by the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, is displayed in one of the galleries of the South Kensington Museum. Of the ruby, with its orthodox pigeon's-blood color, the Townshend collection includes several excellent specimens, but it is particularly rich in out-of-the-way stones of this species. There are, for example, several star sapphires and star rubies—"asterias" stones—which display a star of six rays, inclined to each other at an angle of sixty degrees, when seen in sunlight or by a small bright flame, revealing (by being cut across the chief axis and left with a convex polished top), in six lines as of silver wire, the secrets of their crystalline structure. The rare violet sapphire (No. 1247) is an ex-

quise stone; this is the true Oriental amethyst, a name always wrongly used by jewelers for a certain rich and purple-mottled variety of common quartz. The other violet sapphire in this collection is said to look more like an iolite, a stone of an altogether different species. A still more curious variety is salmon-colored; but a superb yellow specimen, two-thirds of an inch by one-half inch, erroneously called a topaz, is more remarkable in size, and of surpassing golden richness. The Oriental ruby produces a double refraction of light, and will bear a great extreme of heat without injury to form or color; hence its fitness for an image of the old dragon that has so long turned light into darkness in royal places, and now waits the final fire of revolution.

The spinel ruby has less alumina, less color, is softer, and of less specific gravity; is, in fact, an inferior ruby, though Webster's former editions declared it the "true ruby." Its color is due to chromic acid, while that of the perfect ruby is produced by the oxide of iron. The balas ruby is a variety of the spinel, still less valuable, though a pretty stone,—winy, or violet, or of various other shades,—but of little commercial value, unless very large or fine.

It is said that genuine rubies, differing nothing, in substance, density, and color, from the natural crystals, have been produced by art; but, owing to the great difficulty in maintaining perfect fusion and a very slow crystallization, the artificial stones do not preserve the clearness of the natural gems. In the fluid state the substance has all the limpidity of the best stones, but becomes cloudy in chilling. With a greater mass of material, and consequently a more prolonged process of calcination, the produced crystals are larger; and those obtained by a French *savant*, M. Gaudin, were even harder than the natural ruby, as was proved by a skillful stone-cutter who used to drill the jewels for pivots in his watch-making. As rubies are no longer found in nature, these experi-

ments offer the only hope of a continued supply, which, thus far, does not give a very brilliant promise. It is true that so called, very inferior, rubies and sapphires, of a pale hue and less transparent, are found in this country, especially in North Carolina and Georgia, but they are valueless as gems.

A Mr. Gilson has recently concluded a journey round the world, which he made for the purpose of ascertaining the condition of the trade in gems. In an article in the *St. Petersburg Gazette* he states the result of his investigations. Diamonds he found at a lower rate than they have reached in ten years past. Pearls and emeralds are, on the other hand, at a premium. An opal the size of an average olive would bring in New York at the present time about \$180; a sapphire of the same size would bring \$1,350; an emerald, \$7,500; a diamond, \$13,500; and a ruby, \$37,500, which latter is certainly a high figure for a single gem. In Europe these gems would rank somewhat differently, opals and sapphires rating higher, and emeralds lower.

Pearls are now brought from Central America, California, and the Persian Gulf—the State of Vermont furnishing these gems also, as we will show in another paper—but none of them rival those of the East Indies.

The most precious stones have a property that rarely deceives, that of *coldness*. An experiment can easily be made by tasting first a piece of straw and then a diamond.

A few years since a young Parisian jeweler was sojourning in Wallachia. He had in his possession several expensive gems, and among others an emerald of unusual size. The Jewish merchants, who, on the banks of the Danube, as well as throughout Europe, deal in precious stones, waited upon him to examine his wares. The emerald was greatly admired; but one of the jewelers, a cunning old tradesman (who, aware of what he himself was capable of, had very little confidence in others), while handling it, expressed the belief

that it might be the work of the hands of man. Wishing to test the genuineness of the article, he placed it in his mouth, when the young jeweler seized him by the throat, and threatened to throttle him if he attempted to swallow it. The Jews of Wallachia wear no cravats, and the Frenchman was holding the unfortunate connoisseur with an iron grip. The incredulous purchaser soon restored the emerald to its owner, and then explained to him the process to which he wished to submit it. The explanation quieted the Parisian lapidary at once, and thenceforward he determined to taste all precious stones the appearance of which was doubtful.

The jade, or precious stone of China, seems worthy of especial consideration, not only by reason of its beauty and rareness, but because, when it has passed through the hands of the patient and skillful Asiatic lapidary, it captivates us with forms of the most exquisite beauty. On account of its great rarity, its history until lately has been little known, especially in this country. As long ago, however, as twelve centuries before the Christian era the Chinese were expert in the production of vessels and objects made from it; and there is no precious stone named in our literature, either sacred or profane, more frequently mentioned in the way of metaphor than this has been in the writings of the poets and philosophers of China.

A very able writer, in a contribution to the New York *Evening Post*, tells us that Confucius measures the value of this precious stone by time, when he says "an inch of time is worth a foot of jade." When a poet wished an emblem of purity he saw it in the jade; and where the European bard sings of the lily, the ivory, and the alabaster, in the soul and person of his mistress, the Chinaman likens her mind to the spotless jade, and her skin to its brilliant polish. What is expressed to us by thrones of ivory, and vessels of gold and silver, enriched with diamonds and precious stones, the Celestial comprehends in the "throne of pure jade,"

and feasts in which the dishes and goblets are carved from the same material.

The color of the jade varies from almost white to a dark green, but the lighter colors are the most highly esteemed. These have a most fatty appearance, which, however, does not prevent their receiving a surface of unusual brilliancy and polish. The dark green color is the commonest. There is said to be a yellow jade, and also jade of an orange color, and also black. The first two, if they really exist, are very uncommon, and are not to be confounded with agates of a similar hue. The rarest as well as the most valued of all the varieties, generally acknowledged, is called the imperial jade. This is of a brilliant green, approaching the emerald in color, and is found in pieces of small size only. Specimens of exquisite tint are extant. The same shades are sometimes found, as it were, in splashes running through comparatively large pieces.

Some writers have supposed the jade to be identical with the jasper of the ancients, but this theory must be incorrect; for the former is a silicate, or composed of silex, magnesia, etc., while the latter is a quartz. The different shades of color depend upon the different amount contained of oxide of iron, or oxide of chrome. Exposure to extreme heat or cold, or to the continued action of water, does not affect either the brilliancy, polish, or hardness of jade. Pieces submitted to unusual tests in the furnace have come out unimpaired; but with all its hardness, it is very fragile; an unfortunate blow or fall will shiver it into fragments, as though it were glass.

The mineral is called *Yu* by the Chinese, and is found mostly in the province of Yarhanda, in Chinese Tartary, or the south-western part of the empire. The mountains of this district are said to abound in jade, which is hunted for in the fissures of the precipices and in the streams. A large share of it at present is taken from the rivers by divers. These men work at night by moonlight, under an escort of soldiers, supervised by gov-

ernment officers appointed for the purpose, and by whom each piece, as found, is assayed and valued. One of the largest specimens ever found is said to have weighed two hundred and seventy pounds, and to have measured thirty-three inches in length, and seven inches in thickness.

The principal city of the province of Yarkanda is Khotan. It is here and in the neighboring towns of Chinese Tartary that the lapidaries give to the rough mineral the lovely contours and exquisite carving. Nothing but emery, which is found of fine quality in Central Asia, or the diamond itself, will cut it. The methods of cutting and polishing are traditional, and our admiration of the skill and taste of the artists is increased when we know something of the amount of patient toil expended upon single pieces. In order to hasten the work it is sometimes confided to two men, one taking it in hand where the other leaves off for needed rest and refreshment. Thus, although the labor on the piece never ceases, so slow and arduous is the work that sometimes years elapse before its completion.

The favorite forms into which jade is cut are vases of endless variety, perfume bottles, fire or incense boxes, memorial tablets, etc., which are usually mounted upon carved stands of teak wood, rivaling in elaboration and elegance of design the objects they support.

The Emperor Kien Long, who reigned a little more than one hundred years ago, was a great patron of the arts, and created an extraordinary revival in some branches. The rare objects of antiquity were reproduced, and copied so as almost to defy detection, even by experts, and it is to the influence of this revival that we owe the existence of many of the beautiful objects which now enrich the private collections which are to be found in this country.

The high prices paid for jade led to the invention of choice imitations made from rice. These are alluded to in ancient Arabic and Chinese books. They are well calculated to deceive the ordinary

observer, and the European purchasers are frequently imposed upon by them. Specimens of ancient workmanship in jade sell for large sums, and are highly esteemed by Chinese connoisseurs, who are among the keenest of collectors. Extraordinary specimens are to be found in the British Museum, the Louvre in Paris, the Japanese Palace at Dresden, and in some private collections in France and England. We hear that good ones are exhibited, from time to time, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and some few are in private collections in New York and Boston. Ever since European colonies were established on the coast of Guiana, South America, green stones of the same description have been found among the native tribes inhabiting it, worn as jewels, especially among the Caribs, who valued them as their choicest ornaments. Humboldt says of them: "They are worn suspended from the neck as amulets; because, according to popular belief, they preserve the wearer from nervous complaints, fevers, and the stings of venomous serpents. They have been for ages an article of trade, both on the north and south of the Orinoco. The Caribs made them known on the coast of Guiana. The form given to them most frequently is that of the Persepolitan cylinder, longitudinally perforated, and loaded with inscriptions and figures. The substance which I obtained from the hands of the Indians belongs to the saussurite, the *real jade*. It takes a fine polish, and varies from apple green to emerald green."

Barrele says, that in Cayenne, twelve or fourteen green stones of a cylindrical form were strung together, with one in the resemblance of some small animal in the center, and worn as a necklace. Travelers unite in saying that Guiana does not appear to be the native place of the mineral of which they are composed (late explorers, rather). So it would seem that a fine geographical discovery remains to be made in the eastern part of America,—that of finding, in a primitive soil, a rock of euphotide containing

the *piedras de nacaña*, as the green stones are called on the Orinoco.

How was it worked into so many different forms? It has been conclusively shown by an eminent savant that it could not have been done by the Indians of our day, the natives of the Orinoco and Amazon, whom we find in the last degree of barbarism; they did not pierce such hard substances, giving them the form of animals and fruit. Such works, like the perforated and sculptured emeralds, which are sometimes found in the cordillera of New Granada and Quito, denote anterior civilization. The present inhabitants of those countries so little comprehend the possibility of cutting hard stones, as the emerald, jade, and the like, that they imagine the green stone is naturally soft when taken out of the earth, and hardens after having been molded by the hand. As they resist the file, how were the early American natives able to cut them and give them different figures of animals? It is this which has given rise to a fable little deserving of being repeated, but which has been very seriously advanced, that this stone was only the mud of the river (Amazon), to which such form was given as was wished, by working it in the hand when it was recently taken up, and which acquired its hardness by exposure to the air.

As these green stones, then, could not have been made in such a shape by the natives of Guiana or the Amazon, it becomes an interesting inquiry from what country they were brought. We gain light on the subject by learning from Humboldt that the monk Bernard de Sahagun, at the beginning of the Conquest, found green stones which had belonged to Quetzalcoatl, preserved at Cholula as relics. This personage was the Buddha of the Mexicans. He appeared in the time of the Toltecs. The Toltecs founded religious congregations, and established a government similar to that of Neroe or Japan. To them the Aztec ancestors of the present Mexicans, who came into Anahuac afterward, acknowledged themselves indebted for their knowledge of

the arts. A comparison of the green stones found among the natives of Guiana and Mexico with those of the Toltecs seems to prove conclusively that they were brought from Mexico by the Amazons, or, possibly, also by the Caribs, who seem to have been derived from Mexico.

To Quetzalcoatl, the great deity of the Toltecs, entitled the God of the Air, and who was identified with the sun, a pyramid of a conical form was erected, at Cholula, among ancient idolatrous nations a pyramid being symbolical of the sun. We are told by Clavigero that the Cholulans preserved with great veneration some small green stones, which were very well cut, which they said had belonged to this deity, whose name signifies *serpent clothed with green feathers*; these stones were called Quetzalitzli. Itzli is stone in Mexican; hence the whole word would signify green stone, or stone dedicated to the Toltec deity. The Mexicans formed of this mineral various and curious figures, some of which are preserved in different museums in Europe.

The serpent, among the Mexicans, was an emblem of the sun. They represented its annual course by a serpent biting its tail, forming a circle, which, annually throwing off its skin, was a type of the renovation of nature. The feathers express its progress, and the color, green, the effect of its light and heat, in producing vegetation and clothing the earth with verdure. Green stones belonged to the worship of Quetzalcoatl. "The usual ministers of the Mexican sacrifices," says Clavigero, "were six priests, the chief of whom, in the performance of his functions, wore a crown of green and yellow feathers; at his ears hung gold ear-rings and green jewels, perhaps emeralds."

Mr. Prescott, in his "Conquest of Mexico," remarks that among the presents which Montezuma sent to Cortez, on hearing of his arrival on the coast, were four precious stones of considerable size, resembling emeralds, called *calcuities*, each of which, the envoys assured the

Spaniards, was worth more than a load of gold; and was designed as a mark of particular respect to the Spanish monarch. This present was probably caused by the general belief of the Mexicans that the period of the return of Quetzalcoatl had arrived, and that Cortez was this mysterious personage.

"The Tlascalans, with whom Cortez first had intercourse, gave him the name of Chalciviltl, signifying 'General of great valor;' for this stone was the color of emeralds, which were in high esteem among them." So says Herrera; but this explanation is probably not correct. No doubt the application of the name to Cortez had a reference to the idea just expressed.

When Cortez was introduced to Montezuma, in his palace, the Mexican Emperor, as Mr. Prescott tells us, "wore a cloak and sandals, which were both sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the chalciviltl, a green stone of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs, were conspicuous."

The green stones of Guiana are also held by the natives of that country in the highest regard. They are the most precious jewels of the Caribs, and they value them more than silver or gold, even in our day of 'greenback currency,' are by us. A necklace of them was the price of a slave.

Raleigh met with them on the Orinoco, and observes every cacique had one, worn for the most part by their wives, and esteemed as very valuable jewels.

They appear to have been of a sacred character, as they were covered with inscriptions and figures, resembling in this respect the chalciviltl of the Toltecs and Mexicans. They were worn suspended from the neck as amulets, from a belief that they were a preservative against epilepsy and some other disorders, whence they were called by the Spaniards *pedras hiyades*, and by the English spleen-stones.

It would seem, therefore, very probable that the green stones or jades in possession of the Amazons were the same with those of the Toltec deity, and were brought from Mexico. How much these jewels resembled those of the Chinese of the same name we have no present means of determining. The opinion which the Indians of Guiana still entertain of them, as amulets, may have arisen from a traditional belief that they are sacred stones; though the circumstance that they belonged to the worship of this deity has been forgotten. Having these jewels, and wearing them as ornaments, denotes that they were originally attached to the worship of the sun, with which the Toltec deity was identified, and to whom these green stones were dedicated; that they were once a religious community, devoted to the service of his temples; "that hence," as an eminent writer observes, "they were viewed with feelings of respect and reverence by other tribes; and that it was from traditional religious ideas that they were suffered to remain in their state of isolation." GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

THE story of Mazarin's farewell to his pictures appears to be variously told. It is very probable that the varied stories are not varieties of the same incident, but different episodes in the history of the hungry heart of the avaricious and once powerful statesman. Lord Lytton has founded on the incident some impressive verses. The incident itself is mentioned in the memoirs of Louis Henri, Comte de Brienne. He says: "I was walking some days after in the new apartments of his palace. I recognized the approach of the Cardinal (Mazarin) by the sound of his slippered feet, which he dragged, one after the other, as a man enfeebled by a mortal malady. I concealed myself behind the tapestry, and I heard him say, 'Il faut quitter tout cela!' ('I must leave all that!') He stopped at every step, for he was very feeble, and, casting his eyes on each object that attracted him, he sighed forth as from the bottom of his heart, 'Il faut quitter tout cela! What pains I have taken to acquire these things! Can I leave them without regret? I shall never see them more where I am about to go.'" This is evidently the true story. It is related in various ways, and the narrators have attempted to improve it, but appear really to have greatly weakened the almost ghastly impression. One account says: "Perceiving Brienne, he broke out, 'Look at that Correggio!—this Venus of Titian!—that matchless Deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend, I must quit them all! Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, and that have cost me so much!'" Far more thrilling is the impression conveyed by the spectacle of the solitary, withered, gray-haired, slippered old statesman, tottering along, soliloquizing; unaware of the ears behind the arras, or the screen; pausing now before a Caracci, and now before a Correggio, and muttering, unconscious that any one heard him, "Il faut quitter tout cela!" "I must leave all

that! I must leave all that!" He was two months in this state. Beneath his fatal malady he grew weaker and weaker, so that it is exceedingly probable that he, who tottered from his chair, when able, to see his favorites, when unable to rise, would have them brought to him that he might look his last upon beloved objects which, as he said, "had given him so much trouble to acquire, and had cost him so much." It is one of those great homilies, unconsciously preached by men who have attained to a very illustrious eminence, and at the close have not been very well satisfied with the price they paid for their bargain. The great writer to whose verses we referred in our first lines has drawn his moral from the incident:

"Then slowly as he tottered by,
The old man, unresign'd,
Sigh'd forth: 'Alas! and must I die,
And leave such life behind?
The beautiful, from which I part,
Alone defies decay!
Still, while he sigh'd the eternal art
Smiled down upon the clay."

We can scarcely give to the dying statesman, from any knowledge that we possess, the honor even of such a consolation as that attributed to him by the poet. It seems like the expression of mere disappointment and regret—a griefful farewell upon the parting with possessions which had been loved so much. It is not, however, the only occasion in which the sense of the age of a great picture has forced itself upon the mind of a spectator as quite affecting when contrasted with his own evanescence. There are several such instances. Samuel Rogers gives one: "'You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a 'Last Supper' in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as life. 'I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many

have come and gone in the time—that, when I look upon the company there—upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are—I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.' " And truly the same reflection has passed through our own mind as we have sat before the great picture of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in Milan—theme of so much criticism, of such interminable conversations, of so many anecdotes, of such a constantly succeeding crowd of spectators, that the story of the picture forms a history by itself, and suggests to the mind the reflection that, while we come and go, there is somebody who stays; and it seems to be only this sense of rest in the abiding which can lift the spirit over a melancholy requiem like that of Mazarin, "I must leave all that!" Mazarin, in the scene, brings before us the spectacle of a mind brooding suspiciously over its possessions with a sense of the doubtfulness of its investments. These pieces of furniture, these costly pictures, are the coupons of the life's investment. What have they realized? and what will they realize to their owner?

The story brings to memory another great and often quoted instance from the closing days of a great statesman—that eminent master of the arts, the literature and the fashions of the courtly world, Lord Chesterfield. A short time before his death he wrote in a letter, "I have run the silly round of business and pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those who have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare; but I have seen behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration

of an ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of the romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream."

The secret of all this is, that the price exacted was too high. There is an old proverb, "The game is not worth the candle;" and it seems to be a proverb exactly fitting the experience of Lord Chesterfield. The gamester looks upon his winnings, and in bitter disappointment he confesses that all he has won is not equal in value to the mere candle by the light of which the miserable game was carried on. In this spirit some have even regretted that they ever were born. Well known as these words of Lord Chesterfield are, we have not hesitated to quote them. His life reads such a mighty lesson; with all their wisdom, his letters form such a moral tariff of falsehood and shallowness. Yet it is most affecting to find him paid back in his own coin by the son for whom he had written these directions; to whom, in his later years, he had always written as "My dear friend"—as if clutching at something more than the mere natural relationship—and upon whose sudden death he received the first announcement from that son's widow, of whose very existence, with her two sons, and of the relationship, the Earl had been kept in entire ignorance, notwithstanding his incessant and apparently confidential intercourse with his son. How well had that son learned the lessons of dissimulation he had received! It is apparent not only in the letter we have quoted, but a number besides, in those closing years, as edited by Earl Stanhope, reveal the same dissatisfied heart; and what an abundant revelation the life and letters of Chesterfield give of a nature fitted, if not for the very best, yet for how much better

things than he ever did, or to which he ever attained.

Lord Byron has expressed himself sometimes as if Chesterfield's had been his own melancholy but very deliberate conviction. Thus when he says:

"Count all the joys thy hours have seen;
Count all thy days from anguish free;
Then know, whatever thou hast been,
'T were something better not to be."

And the verses which are understood to be the last which fell from his pen have been well described as the confession of one who, "having spent all, began to be in want:"

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers, the fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is lighted at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

Surely such expressions and instances imply and explicitly declare that, whatever the joy, it was bought too dear. The gain was very far inferior to the extravagant outlay. This is indeed what it is to "lose the soul." And what said the lips of the Divine Teacher? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Surely when a man comes to know that his soul is gone,—that he has parted with all that was best in himself,—as he looks upon the exchange, he must feel that he has made what may truly be called a fearfully bad bargain.

There is a story told of the founder of a sect—only too eminent and influential—how he followed up a man, eminent for genius, learning, wit, and pleasure—weaving the question round him like a charm—whether they followed in their walk the winding of the river or the path of the forest; whatever the topic of their conversation or discourse, it was always closed by the awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" He to whom these words were addressed was a public teacher of philosophy. His friend eulogized his genius and eloquence, and introduced to him scholars, attracted to

his chair by his fame; and he repeated to him the panegyrics he had heard pronounced on his merit; but, as he did so, he checked the rising exultation by the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The eloquent teacher belonged to a noble family, but it fell into comparative poverty; and he himself was improvident and compelled to seek and find assistance from his really poorer friend, and the assistance was readily given. But with the help came also the ever-unvarying pertinacious question, in the same earnest and solemn cadence, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And at last, before the stern persistency of the ever-renewed question, the heart and the life yielded and gave way, and fell into the grasp of the mighty proselyte. The question was wise—it must be always wise—"What shall it profit?"

It is told of the peasant poet, John Clare, whose life began in sorrow and ended in despair, how, when he was a child, a little boy, he started off on a long chase to find the horizon—the place yonder where the heavens touched the earth—and it only receded farther and farther away from him. He could neither find the place on which the rainbow rested, nor the spot where the heavens touched the earth. The poor lad only found hunger, and a night without a bed in the dark fields; and the next day a smart thrashing when he reached home. This was the end of all his toil and pain. He did not find the spot where the heaven touched the earth until nearly seventy years after, when he sank into the cold rigidity of death.

The end of that boyhood's quest was not worth the arduous chase. But is not this the painful moral of many lives, the ever-renewed homily on the vanity of human wishes? And the writer of this paper well remembers when, himself a boy, and seeing two children on their way from school, one bright frosty winter morning, full of hilarity and fun and laughter, running buoyantly on their way,

and thoughtlessly chasing and attempting to catch their own shadows. It seemed almost a suggestive parable then, but in years after he came to find the true exposition of the parabolic scene in the saying of that great orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" We think of old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the widow of the great Duke, and herself a character of amazing will, dying at eighty-four. When her doctors told her she must be blistered or she would die, she cried out, "I won't be blistered, and I won't die!" She was right at that time; but when her end was inevitable, she sank into a misanthropy in which she became quite oblivious of all the mercies which had attended her in her long life, and exclaimed, "I think one can't leave the world at a better time than now, when there is no such thing as real friendship, truth, justice, honor, or indeed anything that is agreeable in life."

Most of these high-born children, the sons and daughters of fortune and fashion, suggest moralities like those we have been indulging; at the best it is like a wreath upon a coffin. Few women of her time could be more beautiful, brilliant, and beloved than Georgiana Spencer, the Duchess of Devonshire, and yet it is the story of a very unhappy life. She was almost suddenly struck down; but the point of our allusion to her is in the incident shortly after her funeral. The celebrated old gossip, Nathaniel Wraxall, visited the vault where the remains of the once so eminently lovely woman lay moldering. There was a bouquet on her coffin, itself withered and almost reduced to dust. Inquiring about it of the woman who kept the church, she said, "That nosegay was brought here by the Countess of Desborough, who intended to place it on the coffin of her sister; but as she approached the vault her agony became so great that she could not proceed; she knelt down on the stones above, as nearly over the place where the coffin rests in the vault below as I could direct. There she deposited the flowers, directing me to

complete the task to which she was quite unequal; and I fulfilled her wishes."

These chaplets of affection on tombs are far more affecting than Mazarin's farewell to his pictures, or Chesterfield's plaintive elegy over his vanished pleasures.

In these illustrations of the "*Vanitas Vanitatum*," we have kept near to the more tender lights reflected from the lesson; the vanity of coarse pleasures we have not so particularly instanced. Scarcely any case to which we could refer is so striking in this order as that of Sheridan—that man of almost peerless genius, of whom Byron said:

"Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in molding Sheridan."

He really was a creature of transcendent power—at the court, the table, in the House, on the stage, in his wonderful comedies, in his impeachment of Warren Hastings, when Pitt moved that the House should retire at once, that they might have time to recover from the enchantment of the eloquence which had overwhelmed them. It has been truly said that Sheridan was ruined by success, and that he illustrates the necessity for that prayer, "In the time of our wealth, good Lord, deliver us!" Poor Sheridan! Then contrast the great and matchless orator in all his strength, and the wit in all his vivacity, with the poor, disreputable, licentious old man on his death-bed; a writ served upon him, and he about to be carried off to prison, dying, but saved in this instance by his physician; after death, when lying in state, the poor body seized; a writ deposited on the corpse for five hundred pounds; the poor body redeemed by Samuel Rogers, and then borne to Westminster Abbey by royal dukes, bishops, and earls for pall-bearers, followed by a mighty cavalcade of nobles and peers. Surely over such a life and death and funeral as this the wise man would say, "*Vanitas vanitatum!* this also is vanity."

Few stories of the tender kind are more affecting than that of the great statesman, Edmund Burke, whose words we quoted above. He lived in his son,

who appears to have been worthy of all the father's affection; and if the parent regarded him with hopeful and passionate pride, the son, on the other hand, regarded his father as one of the first, if not *the* first, characters in modern history. For this son the old man had enlarged and made more worthily commodious his house at Beaconsfield; for this son he was contented to look forward to the honor of elevation to the peerage. Suddenly his son was snatched away from him, and the old man, bowed and broken, felt all the truth of that great saying of his in its fullness, "What shadows we are! what shadows we pursue!" He never could bear afterwards to look toward Beaconsfield Church, where his son was interred. The writs were made out for his peerage, but he gratefully and affectingly declined the honor the king would have conferred upon him: he did not desire it for himself, and he for whom he would have received it with pleasure was gone. Once or twice he roused himself, and in his "Letter to a Noble Lord," upon the attacks which were made upon him for his vehement opposition to the principles of the French Revolution, he speaks with perhaps all the wit and splendor of his best days; but he says: "I have nothing to hope or fear in this world; the storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots." He speaks of the "sorrows of a desolate old man;" and referring to the attacks made upon him, says, "I am alone; I have none to 'meet my enemies in the gate;' I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season of life, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame or honor in the world." This is, however, a better story than that we have told already of Chesterfield and his son; here was no breaking of confidence, nothing to loosen the strong links of affection; the worst that could be done was done by death, and, in such instances, the heart bleeds, but hope and faith in future reunions are

strengthened. And this ought to be the true compensation for tears shed over all retreating pleasures; we have only purchased too dearly when the things we have purchased do not receive the smile of the "hope that maketh not ashamed," and "the faith which is the substance of the things hoped for."

Probably our readers have seen some strange lyrical verses of Goethe, which, even in a translation, are musical and effective, entitled "Vanitas:"

"I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,

Hurrah!

And so the world goes well with me,

Hurrah!

And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,

Why, let him take hold and drain this wine,

These moldy lees of wine."

And then the old Epicurean poet sings in separate verses how he had set his heart upon wealth, woman, travel, fame, and had got the worth of it in each of these exercises of the affections, and then, in his last verse, breaks out again:

"Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,

Hurrah!

And I find the whole world belongs to me,

Hurrah!

The feast begins to run low, no doubt;

But at the old cask we'll have one good bout,—

Come, drink the old lees all out."

We fear this is a fair representation of the whole philosophy of the great Goethe, and yet the close of it brings to memory that other well-known saying of the same writer, "Having drunk the wine let us eat the glass,"—a process which suggests something very uncomfortable for the digestion.

What a fruitful text this, "Vanitas vanitatum!" "I must leave all that!" What a number of topics collateral to this train of thought we have not touched! How we might spend pages more in recalling names once immense in their significance, all forgotten now! "How few," say Jeremy Taylor, "have heard of the name of Veneatapadino Ragium!" He was the mighty King of Narsinga. An old woman in a village in the west of England was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead; it was the Great Frederick. "The old woman," says Dr. Southey,

who tells the story, "lifted up her eyes, and said, 'Is a? is a? The Lord ha' marcy! Well, well! the King o' Prussia! And who's he?'" And there is a text for a notable sermon. "Who's he?" The question might be asked of many a name very famous indeed in its day, "Who's he?" Dr. Johnson tells a story of a man who was standing in an inn kitchen, with his back to the fire. He said to a man standing next to him, "Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No, sir, I have not that advantage." "Sir," said the man, "I am the great Twalmley, who invented the flood-gate iron." Alas! it is all the same,—the great Twalmley, Frederick the Great, and Veneatpadino Ragium.

In a tender vein says Edmund Spenser:

"Look back who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become;
Where be those learned wits, and antique sages
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And make one bound of the earth and of their
reign?"

There is a story told of a certain old Lippo Topi. Who he was we know not, only that when he was dying, making and reading his will to his survivors, he bequeathed certain immense sums of money to various persons and purposes. He was pressed to tell where these immense sums were to be found; but he only replied, "Qui sta il punto,"—"There's the point." The droll, practical joke of this odd person suggests itself here. What is the point of all these musings and meditations and anecdotes of the disappointed pleasure-seekers and vanished eminences? Can it be that man is more evanescent than his works? Is it not that immortal eyes look out upon all these fading phantoms, straining with immortal longings for that which answers to the imperishable within, and reminding us of some of the fine words of the great old Norwich physician? "There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality." "Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us, for man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and

pompous in the grave; solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal luster, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature;" and then he gives that exquisite and often-quoted passage, "To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who had not rather be the good thief than Pilate?"

That great satirist, Thackeray, in his powerful work, "Vanity Fair," has a chapter, which is not only one of the most pathetic pieces of writing in our language, but a most striking lay sermon, entitled, "In which Two Lights are Put Out." They are the lights of life of the poor old unsuccessful man, old Joseph Sedley; and Mr. Osborne, the man of large successes and amazing wealth. The poor old man dying, meditating on his helpless condition; no chance of any revenge against fortune, which had got the better of him; no name nor money to bequeath; a spent-out, bootless life of defeat and disappointment; but still closing humbly, forgivingly, prayerfully, hopefully; and passing away, thinking, "To-morrow, success or failure won't matter much; and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual; but I shall be out of the turmoil." And old Osborne, on the other hand, leaving, indeed, all his wealth to his survivors, but dying as he had lived, the same hard, proud millionaire. And then, contrasting the last with the first, this great master of most biting wit and pathetic tenderness breaks forth: "Yes; I think that will be the better ending of the two. Suppose you are particularly rich and well-to-do, and say on that last day, 'I am very rich; I am tolerably well known; I have lived all my life in the best society, and, thank heaven, come of a most respectable family; I have served my country and my king with honor; I was in Parliament for several years, where, I may say, my speeches were listened to and pretty well received; I do n't owe

any man a shilling; on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Jack Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors won't press him. I leave my daughters' with ten thousand pounds apiece—very good portions for girls; I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in Baker Street, with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and my landed property, besides money in the funds, and my cellar of well-selected wines in Baker Street, to my son; I leave twenty pounds a year to my valet; and I defy any man, after I am gone, to find any thing against my character; or suppose, on the other hand, your swan sings quite a different sort of dirge, and you say: 'I am a poor, blighted, disappointed old fellow, and I have made an utter failure through life; I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune, and confess that I have made a hundred mistakes and blunders; I own to having forgotten my duty many a time; I can't pay what I owe; on my last bed I lie, utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself, with a contrite heart, at the feet of the Divine Mercy.' Which of these two speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last, and in that humble frame of mind, holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sunk away from under him."

Very suggestive, indeed, this, of the true end of our paper, if the cherished pictures of the mind are the hints of what are to be our companions in immortality. "Blessed are they," says the sweet old German proverb, "who have the homesickness, for verily they shall go home!" And thus it is that there have been many most eminent in fame and affection who have found the abiding when dreams and possessions have been dissolving.

How affecting must it have been to hear, some time before his death, the great Sir Walter Scott saying, "The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final waking!" and then, while dying, deriving pleasure from hearing his little

grandchild repeating some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair; asking Lockhart, his son-in-law, to read to him. "And when I asked him from what book," says Lockhart, "he said, 'Need you ask? There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel. He listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly; and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'" Innumerable other instances press upon our recollection; but we have conducted our paper to the point where we find an antidote to Mazarin's despair, "*Il faut quitter tout cela*," "I must leave all that." Sir Walter was leaving "all that,"—an incomparably finer and prouder "all" than that of the avaricious statesman; but the immortal longings were stirring through the decrepit and decaying frame of the great and beloved poet, and, touched by the music of the words of our Lord, he said "he felt as if he were to be himself again." This is the blossoming of the almond-tree, and the traveling through the cold, Arctic Seas of Death to see the midnight sun.

Here we might close, although quite innumerable anecdotes and instances still press very appropriately upon us. When John Newton was in a very great grief he wrote, "I feel some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness, commonly called a broken heart." We never quite liked the saying. All broken hearts surely are not mixtures of pride and madness. It was true, perhaps, in the cases of Mazarin, Chesterfield, and the Duchess of Marlborough; but hearts are sometimes broken, that through them eternal lights may shine; and we are told that a "broken and contrite heart God will not despise." Well do we remember, more than twenty years since, sitting late at night, when the whole household besides had gone to rest, talking with a minister. It was among the wilder hills of Gloucestershire. He was a man greatly honored and beloved, eminently useful, and holy and learned. He had come over that evening to attend

the funeral of his sister. Her body was lying up-stairs. The circumstances had led us off into a conversation upon topics not unlike the subject of this paper. We had talked upon the darkness of the old pagan mind, even in its best state, and contrasted it with that light of immortality which Christ brought to the aching and bereaved hearts of men; especially we had quoted and conversed upon the mournful saying of the great Roman orator and philosopher, "Vale! vale! in æternum vale!" It was considerably past midnight when we took our candles and went up-stairs. As we passed the room where the dead was lying, our friend said, "Shall we go in? I think, perhaps, it will be the last look." He took the shroud from off her face; we looked silently for some time, then he

covered it over again, and said, "Vale! vale! *non æternum vale!*"—"Farewell! farewell! but not an eternal farewell!"

Not very long after, our dear friend also followed his sister. That scene has never been forgotten, and those words have incessantly, from time to time, recurred to our memory; and they come to us now like another voice, while the Mazarins pour their sad dirges over their own disappointments and the vanishing of material things, singing the elegy of despair, "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" Happy are they who feel that their best things are of a "better and a more enduring substance;" and who, should they seem to leave them even for a time, are able to say, "Farewell! farewell! but not an eternal farewell!" "Vale! vale! *non æternum vale!*" —*Sunday at Home.*

THE "ORLANDO FURIOSO."

AFTER Dante, to whom the primacy indisputably belongs, Ariosto and Tasso are the twin divinities that divide, or alternately rule, the Italian Parnassus. Differing in kind rather than in the degree of their glory, the judgment as to which is the greater poet can not be infallibly pronounced in accordance with any recognized standard of criticism by any literary Areopagus. Since admiration is only a modified species of sympathy founded upon a conformity of opinions, sentiments, and tastes, it resolves itself simply into a question of individual preference. "It is the eye of the spectator," says Hawthorne, "that transfigures the Transfiguration." The scale will oscillate in favor of the "Orlando" or the "Jerusalem," as we prefer brilliancy of invention, energy of narration, and versatility of expression, or symmetry of taste and delicacy of sentiment; in fine, the magical enchantment of Ariosto, or the musical melancholy of Tasso.

Both sing of arms and knightly heroes, the one in an ironical, the other in a sentimental strain. In Ariosto we find more of nature; in Tasso, more of art. Tasso is trammelled by dramatic rules, respects established precedents, and has a profound regard for public opinion and the learned academies. Ariosto consults nature and his own caprice, ignores the Three Unities, and cares but little for the schools. Ariosto, though a master of language, is less solicitous about the polish of the instrument than the efficiency of execution. Tasso, intent upon beauty of style, sometimes carries elegance of finish to excessive refinement. Ariosto, spontaneous, impulsive, impetuous, as if inspired with the reckless daring of his favorite heroes, gives loose reign to his fancy that flashes over the earth like a superb Arabian courser, or careers through the heavens on the hippogriff of his own adventurous Astolpho. Tasso, with a more timid muse and less precipitous

flight, rarely mounting so high or descending so low, as his more reckless rival, is throughout more uniform and well sustained than Ariosto. Tasso, with a seductive melancholy and an almost morbid fancy, intoxicates the senses, inducing a luxurious languor like the odors of a tropical forest, whilst the reader, captivated and enthralled, like Rinaldo in the enchanted gardens of the voluptuous Armida, abandons himself to the magical spell, and is proud of the flowery chain that proclaims him a prisoner. Ariosto, full of freshness and spirit, with a robust genius and a healthy imagination, transports us through the interminable mazes of his ideal world, now penetrating hell's dark and murky profound, and now ascending upon a winged courser to the fabulous sphere of fire, at the same time inspiring us with a portion of his own enthusiasm, so that, for the moment, we contemplate with wonder and delight what we subsequently remember as the fantastic phantasmagoria of some wild and extravagant dream. In a word, we may say of Tasso that he was the finer poet; of Ariosto, that he was the greater genius.

Few, if any, poets, either ancient or modern, have enjoyed a greater degree of popularity than Ariosto. He is to Italy what Cervantes is to Spain, or Shakespeare to England. Sixty editions of the "*Orlando*" were published during a single century. It was the delight of old and young, artist and artisan, pundit and peasant, whilst its musical stanzas resounded from field and workshop, and echoed along the streets and public highways. That its popularity is on the wane is doubtless true, though by no means surprising. The romantic epic, which in the "*Orlando*" reached its apogee, though admirably adapted to the genius of an age which still delighted in knightly combats, enchanted castles and forests, and the loves and adventures of noble ladies and gallant cavaliers, has lost a portion of its charm in this more practical and prosaic one of ours, in which lovers represent pages rather than knights,

and romance has lost the form as well as the spirit of poetry.

And yet the errant, desultory independent life of a cavalier, whose career was one continuous series of combats and adventures, though directly at variance with the real conditions of modern society, is nevertheless highly poetical. Furnishing, as it does, an inexhaustible fund of humor and ridicule, arising from the disparity between its promise and fulfillment, together with brilliant examples of individual heroism, it excites our laughter at the same that it commands our admiration. Aside from the pomp and pageantry of knight-errantry, its stirring adventures and romantic episodes, there is an imperishable instinct underlying the glittering exterior, which so long as human nature remains what it is will, under a variety of forms, continue to reassert itself until it finds its normal development. This irrepressible instinct, the inextinguishable love of individual or personal liberty, found its fullest exercise in the life of a true cavalier, of which Marfisa and Mandricardo furnish us the highest poetical type. The knight-errant was a law unto himself. In truth, the code of knightly honor, modified only by the self-imposed restraints of a Christian faith, constituted whatever there was of either local or international law. Though the days of chivalry are gone never again to return, the great problem of human society, which it so signally failed to solve, still demands a solution; namely, to establish a stable equilibrium between the social instinct and its counterpoise, the instinct of personal liberty, or, in other words, to ascertain the minimum of legal restraint consistent with the existence and well-being of society. The scope of the "*Orlando*" is to celebrate the origin of the House of Este, which enjoyed at the same time the singular good fortune of being immortalized, as Ginguéné observes, by the two greatest of the Italian epic poets, and of having repaid them with neglect and ingratitude as the price of their immortality.

In this interminable tissue of fact and fable, history and romance, myths and miracles, where knights and ladies, heroes and giants, monsters and fairies, angels and devils, roam through the world at pleasure, suspending the laws of nature, or superseding them with the marvels of magic, with no assignable limit to their power other than the capricious imagination of the poet himself, there is, there can be, no historic scope, no epic unity. Nor is this want of unity consciously felt in the "Orlando" from the very nature of the subject which represents society, owing to the assertion of individual liberty in its highest possibilities, in a disorganized, if not almost chaotic state. Then, too, this absence of a determinate scope is less obvious in view of the delicate vein of humor and satire running through the poem. "Ridicule," observes Gioberti, "is the negation of all teleology. Still (in satirical composition) a certain indeterminate order is necessary, because chaos is not apprehensible. But this order should be apparent and superficial, not organic and dynamic."

Such is the unity of the "Orlando." In this inimitable arabesque there are three principal groups,—the nuptials of Roger and Bradamant, the fabulous siege of Paris under Charlemagne by the Saracens, and the madness of Roland or Orlando, diversified by innumerable episodes recounting the adventures of beautiful ladies and bold cavaliers, throughout which are blended the fanciful and real, the beautiful and grotesque in about equal proportions. Galileo, who ascribed the grace and perspicuity of his own neat and beautiful style to the constant study of Ariosto, compared the "Orlando" to a royal gallery, adorned with the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and rich in vases, crystals, agates, lapis lazuli, and other gems, and replete with objects rare, precious, wonderful, and of all excellence and perfection.

Roger, the assumed progenitor of the House of Este, is the real hero, though Orlando as perhaps the most celebrated

of the paladins, gives title to the poem. Bradamant, the heroine, soon makes her appearance upon the scene like some bright and beautiful exhalation imprisoned in iron mail, as when

"The sun his visage, glorious to behold,
Unveils, emerging from a cloudy screen;
So when the lady doffs her iron case,
All paradise seems opened in her face."

Her beauty is only equaled by her prowess. With her "glorious visage" and golden lance,

"She seems a bolt, dismissed from burning sky."

She is in quest of her valiant Roger, who, in her eyes, as well as the poet's, is a paragon of a *preux chevalier*:

"In that, no beauty with his beauty vies;
In that, resistance to his might is rare.
The palm by none from him can challenged be
In regal splendor, magnanimity;"

whilst in battle,

"So fearful is his look, even Mars and Jove
Are frightened in their azure realms above."

The nuptials of these two lovers, from whose union was to spring a progeny of heroes, seems ever on the point of being consummated, and yet is unaccountably delayed by the most unforeseen obstacles until the very last canto.

The love of Orlando for Angelica, a sovereign but capricious beauty, who, though boasting the proudest lineage, preferred a "poor foot-page" to the most valiant of the paladins of France; his unexpected discovery of her passion for Medora, and his subsequent madness, as he sees the proofs of their love everywhere proclaimed upon tree and rock in the greenwood shade of a lonely grove, where

"Medora and Angelica were traced,
In divers ciphers, quaintly interlaced."

constitutes, perhaps, the most beautiful episode of the poem, which no isolated extracts can adequately illustrate.

Less beautiful, perhaps, but more extravagant, and what in our time may savor of irreverence, is the descent of Astolpho into hell, and his subsequent ascent into paradise, mounted upon the back of his wondrous griffin-steed, the whimsical details of whose pedigree are

furnished us in the fourth canto, a "feathered courser," that

"Bears off the warrior with such rapid wing,
He would have distanced in his airy flight
The thunder-bearing bird of Æther's King."

Here encountering St. John the Evangelist, the day is spent in pleasant discourse.

"But when the sun is sunk i' the salt sea ooze,
And overhead the morn uplifts her horn;
A chariot is prepared, erewhile in use
To scour the heavens, wherein of old was borne,
From Jewry's misty mountains to the sky,
Sainted Elias, rapt from mortal eye.

LXIX.

Four goodly coursers next, and redder far
Than flame, to that fair chariot yokes the sire;
Who, when the knight and he well seated are,
Collects the reins, and heavenward they aspire;
In airy circles swiftly rose the car,
And reached the region of eternal fire."

On their arrival in the moon, as the poet fables, they find whatever has been lost on earth, even to "lovers' tears and sighs." Having found and secured the vase that contained the lost wits of Orlando, the object of this wonderful excursion,

"The duke descended from the lucid round,
On this our earthly planet's loftiest height."

Since the "Orlando Furioso" must be regarded as a continuation of the *Orlando Innamorato*, in which Ariosto, taking up the thread of the story where Boiardo leaves it, adopting not only his subject, but his characters and poetical formulæ, in what, it may be asked, consists the distinguishing merit of the great Italian poet?

What Raphael did for art in the "Transfiguration" Ariosto did for the romantic epic in the "Orlando Furioso." Reserving certain essential characteristics of the epic romance, certain traditional types of character, which neither the poet nor the artist can safely transgress, and from which it would be considered a profanation to depart, he re-groups, recolors, and reanimates the whole in such a masterly manner as to distance all his competitors, and, while playing the unpretending rôle of an imitator, has well-nigh consigned Boiardo, his original, to oblivion, by immortalizing his poem. He

enters the world of romance and tradition, not as a royal preserve, but as a public domain where all have equal rights. Laying poetry and art, history and mythology, fable and legend, all under contribution, he selects his materials, and in the alembic of his wonderful genius so transmutes and etherealizes them, that they lose their old identity and become forever his own. As great a magician as Atlantes, he roams through the universe like his heroes, now in the Orient and now in the Occident; one moment upon the earth, and the next in the air; now transforming stones into steeds and leaves into galleys, and anon pursuing the harpies into hell's dark and difficult profound, or sweeping upward in a grand ascending spiral with Astolpho in his fiery car; and every-where appropriating, as his own, whatever he can transform by his magical art, or fairly win in knightly encounter.

Nor is he circumscribed by time more than limited in space. "The elements of Grecian mythology," says Gioberti, "are by him interwoven with those of Arabian and Persian tales, and Homer finds himself side by side with Firdusi and Rostavello. The two Round Tables are united by paladins and the bicornous reminiscences of Alexander with the pseudo-gospels, the romance and legends of the Middle Ages."

The style of Ariosto is as various as his genius is cosmopolitan. "He, among all writers," observes Giudici, "is the real prestidigitator." He was master of all the keys of the instrument, from the most familiar commonplace to the most sublime poesy, and he swept its chords with magical power.

What strikes us most of all, however, is the wonderful fertility and brilliancy of his invention. Notwithstanding the intrinsic monotony of the romantic epic, arising from the ever-recurring necessity of describing knightly encounters and combats, which must resemble each other even in their minuter details, the author of the "Orlando" appears to challenge art itself by taking up his pencil where so

many had failed, and depicting, in rapid succession, hundreds of battle-fields without repeating himself in scarcely a single accessory. His kaleidoscopic genius transforms a few simple elements into an endless succession of beautiful and symmetrical combinations, evoking the most pleasing variety from the most uncompromising uniformity.

Ariosto's power of delineation is only equaled by his fertility of invention. He had the pencil of Domenichino and the rainbow palette of Tintoretto. Tasso compared him to Dædalus, who had the power of animating the statues he had previously executed. Citing the beautiful descriptions of Angelica and Olympia petrified with grief, so that the spectators were uncertain whether they were true and living forms or rather statues in colored marble, he adds that Ariosto was not less skillful in imparting motion to things inanimate than in taking it away from things animate. "I do not know of a poet in modern times," says La Harpe, "more energetic than Ariosto. His descriptions of a tempest in 'Orlando,' and the attack at the gates of Paris by the King of Algiers, are the two descriptions of modern times most comparable to Homer."

To his remarkable vivacity as a painter, Ariosto joins a marvelous skill in narration, investing the most improbable fictions with an air of reality by the minuteness of his details, which, owing to the variety of his expression and the animation of his style, though they may often appear trivial, seldom or never become tedious. Using, for the most part, the plainest language and the simplest expressions, he is sparing in the use of figures, and betrays an averseness to ornament. In the use of metaphor he becomes stiff and unnatural, though his similes have been greatly praised for their elaborate beauty. The following passage, in which the excessive grief of Orlando for the loss of Angelica, suddenly checked in the height of its intensity, is compared to a liquid issuing from the narrow neck of an inverted vase, has been cited by

some Italian critics as an example of his boldness in using the most commonplace images in the midst of the most impassioned descriptions. Certainly a less gifted poet, in a less musical language, illustrating the sublimity of passion, would despair of elevating so trivial a comparison to the dignity of elevated composition:

"L' impetuosa doglia entro rimase,
Che volea tutta uscir con troppa fretta;
Così veggiam restar l' acqua nel vase,
Che largo il ventre e la bocca abbia stretta."

To these characteristics he added great delicacy of wit; a rapid flow of language; rare purity, transparency and elegance of style; singular grace, facility, and harmony of versification; and unequaled boldness, versatility, and felicity of expression. Nor should we omit, as one of his most striking characteristics, that spontaneity which is usually recognized as the prerogative of genius. And yet, if we are to judge from the innumerable erasures and emendations of his manuscripts, he arrived at this wonderful facility with incredible difficulty. His was the spontaneity of the artesian well, that is only achieved by drilling through furlongs of solid relentless rock. For more than a quarter of a century did he labor, with scarcely any intermission, upon the "Orlando"—ten years in writing, and sixteen years in revising, polishing, and reducing it to that æsthetic form in which we now find it. Some of his most admired stanzas, as shown by his manuscripts in the public library of Ferrara, in which the poetical aroma appears to flow as spontaneously from his pen as the perfume from the petals of a rose, were written and rewritten at least fifty times, thus showing that they were the product, not of poetical instinct, but of incredible toil.

In the "Orlando" the characters, though more or less superhuman, are distinctly drawn and carefully preserved. Though incased in iron mail, with their visors down, and in the absence of their armorial ensigns, we find but little difficulty in distinguishing the various heroes.

We recognize at a glance the fierce and boastful Rodomont, the generous and magnanimous Roger, the honest, simple-hearted, but matchless Orlando. Angelica is ever capricious and coquettish; Doralice, fickle and inconstant; and both in striking contrast to the fond and faithful Isabella, and the exalted, uncompromising character of Olympia. Alcina is a model of feminine caprice and female beauty of the sensuous type, "Where envy finds not blemish to amend;" whilst the abandoned Gabrina is a fearful example of what a woman may become, who, when she falls, "falls like Lucifer." Here, as elsewhere, we find the Amazon, like Venus and Cupid, superintending the forging of the armor of Mars—a most difficult subject to handle. Though Ariosto is perhaps less happy in the delineation of his female warriors than Tasso, criticism finds but little to censure, much to admire. The fierce Marphisa, brought forth in a desolate wild and suckled by a lioness, though by no means lovable, is true to her savage instincts, and delights in blood. The gentle Bradamant, though equally brave, preserves her womanly characteristics by means of her enchanted lance, whose touch overthrows but does not destroy. This individuality of the various heroes extends even to their horses, who are endowed with a more than equine personality. Brigliador, Bayardo, and Rabicano, are as readily recognized as their masters; and Fusberta, Bolisarda, and Durindane, the goodly swords of Rinaldo, Roger, and Orlando, are almost as well known as their steeds. Camilla was not a more poetical conception than Rabicano, who, born from the union of wind and flame, and fed upon thin air, "could have paced upon a falchion's edge,"

"Who prints not grass, prints not the driven snows,
Who dry-shod would the briny billows clear,
And strains so nimbly in the course, he wind
And thunder-bolt and arrow leaves behind."

The intervention of magic, a not indifferent substitute for the fate of the older poets, doubtless detracts not a little from the reputation for valor of the various

heroes. This the valiant Roger evidently suspected when, having unhorsed the four champions of Sir Pinnabel, he magnanimously threw his enchanted shield into a well. Orlando, with his adamantine epidermis, bears a charmed life, and is as invulnerable as Achilles. Astolpho's magic horn puts to flight heroes and giants, harpies and monsters, and, unfortunately, friends as well as foes. Angelica escapes from her pursuers by means of her magic ring, which, like that of Gyges, renders her invisible. The golden lance of Bradamant tilts from the saddle, by its simple touch, the most powerful cavalier, whilst the luminous shield of her knightly lover, which, when unveiled,

"Appeared to give the sky another sun,"

dazzles, confounds, and overthrows his rival champions by its very brightness.

This extraordinary state of affairs occasionally involves the poet in strange contradictions, as when the irresistible sword of Roger comes in contact with the impenetrable helmet of Mandricardo. But magic is equal to all emergencies. *Credo quia impossibile est*. In such a fearful encounter as this, it is not surprising that

"Into the sky

Upwent the splinters broke in the career;
For two or three fell flaming from on high,
Which had ascended to the starry sphere."

Nor are we more surprised at the furious, desperate duel between Sacripant and Rinaldo whose gleaming falchion descends like the glaive of an avenging archangel.

"Their sounding blades such changeful measure keep,

The hammer strokes of Vulcan with less speed
Descend in that dim cavern, where he heats,
And Jove's red thunders on his anvil beats."

In the general tone of his great work, Ariosto occupies a middle place between Cervantes and Spenser, who represent, perhaps, the extremes among writers on knight-errantry. Cervantes, depicting chivalry as a wild and extravagant absurdity, subjects it to the shafts of unmitigated ridicule, and excites us to perpetual laughter. In Spenser, nothing is more

patent than his implicit faith in the reality of what he so ingeniously describes, unless it be the gravity and solemnity of his manner as the bright and beautiful creations of his fertile fancy pass in stately review before us. Ariosto, now serious, now jocose, constantly fluctuates between these two extremes, and, by a skillful blending of the comic and the grave, produces that exhilarating oscillation between gravity and laughter, which not only pleases by its variety, but restores the disturbed equilibrium of the emotions by alternately exciting them. He has withal a delicate vein of subtle irony, a well dissimulated tone of travesty, which often leaves you in doubt whether, after all, the poet is not jesting in his soberest vein, as if the "Orlando," were at the same time a poem and its parody.

Besides, the moral interval between the "Orlando" and the "Fairy Queen" is very great. Ariosto's moral indifference is in painful contrast with Spenser's pure and high-toned morality. This contrast is conspicuous in their principal heroes. The Red-cross knight personifying Holiness, or Christian Purity, and clad in "the whole armor of God," though seduced by Duessa, is hardly to be compared to the Knight of the White Unicorn, who loves with the volubility of a dragoon, forsakes Bradamant for Alcina, and then Alcina for Angelica, whom he first rescues and would then ruin, and, finally, sacrificing his faith to his loyalty, perjures himself in favor of a perjured king.

Much, however, may be forgiven in Ariosto, if not in the "Orlando," when we consider the times and circumstances under which he wrote, since the poet, like the chameleon, takes his coloring, more or less, from the prevailing hue of his immediate surroundings. Patronized by the Cardinal Ippolito and Alphonso of Este, the origin of whose house he proposes to celebrate in song; the idol of that gay and brilliant assemblage, the polished though corrupt court of Ferrara, that for forty-six successive

nights he delighted and transported by the rehearsal of his inimitable romance; it is scarcely to be wondered at that he rarely or never entirely loses sight of his admiring audience or his illustrious patron. Of the virtues of that courtly circle, and of the fearful degeneracy of the times, we may form some idea when we remember that Ariosto thought it necessary to apologize to the ladies of the court for the severity of his strictures upon the profligate Gabrina; when such worthies as Alexander VI, Julius II, and Leo X were recognized as God's vicegerents upon earth; when Christianity had become nothing more than baptized paganism; when heaven was styled Olympus, hell Erebus, and God *Regnator Olympi*; when the bishops were called *arciflamini*, and the mass *sacra Deorum*; when the three nude Graces, as at Siena, were recognized as the divinities of the sacristy, and dissolute monks with their profligate mistresses figured in marble and on canvas as saints and Madonnas.

The comparison of Ariosto to Dante is less obvious, and is founded rather upon contract than any similarity in their genius; for though both are characteristically Italian, few poets less resemble each other than the authors of "Orlando," and the "Divina Commedia." Ariosto is objective, and depicts the natural and real; Dante is subjective, and portrays the spiritual and ideal. The careless levity and undisguised sensuality of the former is in painful contrast with the terrible earnestness and saintly purity of the latter. Ariosto, gay, observant, discursive, sensuous to voluptuousness, and copious to redundancy, luxuriates in a world of external forms and material beauty. Dante, severe, concise, reflective, pure in his emotions, lofty in his aspirations, as condensed in thought as he is sparing of sentiment, with no less depth than breadth of intellect, expatiates in a world of spiritual forms and ideal conceptions, portraying with his inspired pencil, as if in Apocalyptic vision, the entire cosmos of things visible and invisible, human and divine.

Ariosto poetizes as it were instinctively, and is the bard of nature; Dante philosophizes in rhyme, and is the poet of metaphysics.

Ariosto is most of all a painter; Dante is pre-eminently a sculptor. Not that the Dantesque forms are destitute of warmth. They have the purity, severity, and the *alto rilievo* of marble without its coldness. They glow with an intensity of fiery passion, like the burning tomb of Fœrinata, or the red minarets of the city of Dis, "gleaming vermillion," and ruddy with eternal flame:

"Il fuoco eterno,
Ch' entro l'affuoca, le dimostra rosse,
Come tu vedi in questo basso 'nferno."

After the lapse of more than three hundred years the "Orlando," with its purity of expression and transparency of style, can be read without a glossary, whilst the mystic symbolism and obscure phraseology of Dante required a commentator to be understood even by his contemporaries.

The faults of Ariosto are neither few nor trivial, though some of them, as al-

ready intimated, were rather those of his age than his own. Obvious to the most casual reader are his extravagant inventions and poetic improbabilities, his meretricious adulation of a petty sovereign, his glorification of martial prowess as the highest good, and, above all, his voluptuous and licentious imagery, and his confused ideas of virtue and vice. To these the critics add his occasional want of propriety in forms of expression, errors of language, forced rhymes, harsh metaphors, trifling and feeble lines, and his *lungaggini*, or prosing, which is especially observable, if not pardonable, when he traces a genealogy or sings the praises of his Mæcenas. Nevertheless, his magical power as an artist not only ravishes the reader, but disarms and confounds the critic, whilst he hurries and transports us with such rapidity from one scene of enchantment to another, that, in the intoxication of our delight, he obtains for his more venial offenses full absolution for the past, with plenary indulgence for the future.

OLIVER M. SPENCER.

ONLY HANNAH.

CHAPTER III.

THE years went by, bringing so many changes to the once quiet region that the old town must have forgotten itself among the manifold improvements made in its appearance. Nearly as many changes had come to the Hartley family.

Mabel and the boys were married. When the old place was left to Hannah and her parents, it seemed that she, at last, would have a resting spell. No one could look at her attentively without seeing that she needed it. But very soon her cares were multiplied rather than lessened. Four families claimed her services instead of one.

They were all settled near the old

homestead. Mabel was first married, and her husband often talked of going West, or of trying his luck in the gold mines of California, but he never got so far as to attempt starting. He was always planning, but seldom doing. Mabel soon found that if any thing was to be accomplished in her household she would be obliged to attend to it herself; and the indolent girl, with this state of things for a stimulus, developed a tolerable capacity for housekeeping. She was the mother of two little boys before either of her brothers were married. In the three new households Hannah found plenty of occupation for all her leisure time.

Little nephews and nieces sprang up as if by magic on all sides and made endless knitting and sewing, after the manner of other babies. Then, one or the other of the little ones was generally ill. In that case Hannah's services were indispensable. She was supposed to know what ought to be done, and was sent for before the doctor was summoned. Indeed, she generally made it unnecessary to send for a physician.

All through the infantile courses of measles, mumps, whooping cough, etc., she was a patient and skillful if not an untiring nurse. With each ailment they were promptly dropped into her arms, as if that were the only proper or natural place for them. There were long, sleepless nights, when "only Hannah" could soothe the baby sufferers.

"It is well that the children take to her so," remarked Mrs. Tom, who had easily fallen into the family way of estimating Hannah, "for it makes *me* down sick to go without sleep, and I feel perfectly easy if she has charge of them. She is just calculated for a baby nurse."

When the children were well they were tolerably burdensome. The parents all liked society. They enjoyed the concerts and lectures that made a part of the Winter recreations, and they made a point of being present at the monthly theatricals of the Sabbath-school.

And so Hannah went from one house to the other to look after the babies while their parents enjoyed themselves abroad. Tom and Asa occupied separate tenements in the same house, so it was an easy matter to bring the little ones together, and Mabel's two boys were old enough to be taken out in the evening and added to the group.

Left thus with the children, Hannah was in her element. The motherly instinct was strong in her, and she was fertile in ingenious methods to amuse her young charge. They were never tired of listening to her simple stories and sweet songs. Not being old enough to find out that she was "only Hannah," they gave her love for love.

There is nothing on earth sweeter than the artless affection of a little child. It was exquisitely delightful to Hannah, who had never, since she could remember, been loved before. In return, she poured out on them, in unstinted measure, the wealth of love that filled her heart. In her eyes they were the loveliest of created beings, though they were rather ordinary children when seen by others. "Homely little tikes," said Mrs. Gerry, "and yet Hannah just worships them."

She gave them their first ideas of sacred things, and, in simple language that they could understand, told them the story of Jesus and his love. She taught them to repeat prayers so sweet and full of reverent worship, that they were not forgotten as they grew older. Only eternity will disclose how much those children owe to the happy influence of "only Hannah."

At home her ministrations to her parents increased as they grew older and more infirm. She seemed to have no thought for herself.

"They have an angel in the house," commented Mrs. Gerry, "and they don't know it any more than a parcel of hedgehogs."

Amid all the changes that the years brought, no change came to this good woman's opinion. She still fretted over Hannah's self-abnegation and the selfishness that accepted it without question. "Hannah will die young," she said in one of her numerous confidential talks with her husband.

"Perhaps not," he replied, with a composure strongly in contrast with her excitement. "You know, Fanny, that these slender, delicate-looking women often outlive those who look far stronger. Their endurance is something marvelous."

"Marvelous! You mean miraculous. Nothing short of a miracle has kept Hannah alive till now. But she is wearing out fast. If the Hartleys were not all blinder than bats they would see it. She grows thin and pale, and there is a look in her eyes that would upset me if I did not know that the only rest in store

for her is beyond the grave. She won't be a drudge there."

"She never had much color, Fanny. Do n't borrow trouble."

"No. But I *would* borrow a little sympathy if I had n't any," said Mrs. Gerry, pointedly. "I only hope," she added, "that I shall outlive her."

"Why, Fanny!"

"I do. I want to go over then and see those people wait on themselves. How they will mourn for Hannah then! The price of crape will go up when they buy their mourning. I can see them all now going up to take their last view of her as she lies in her coffin. They'll be wondering in their hearts how they shall be able to live comfortably without her, and their tears will fall for themselves, not for her. They will be real mourners; no pretense about it. They'll feel as badly as you did when those young steers were killed by lightning."

"Fanny, if you were a man I should say that your vocation ought to be preaching. How is it that you can never look at Hannah's condition from Hannah's stand-point? She would be astonished to know how you pity her. Taken as a whole, I dare say her life has been as comfortable as yours or mine, and—"

"There, there! Don't say another word, for mercy's sake! I've heard that old rigmarole till I know it by heart."

"Really, Fanny, I think you might use your reason. If Hannah does not know that she is abused, it can not be so hard to bear."

"Is that what you call reasoning?"

"It is thinking about trials that makes them so heavy. Having a tooth extracted is not so bad as dreading the operation. Let me illustrate."

"I don't want to hear you when you talk in this way. It sounds heartless. It don't alter the case, or make Hannah's lot easier. You might argue a week, and prove that pain is not pain, and I should know where my aches were all the same. If there is any one thing that I hate worse than another, it is a cold argument where feelings are concerned."

It was a standing grievance with the good woman that her husband was bent on arguing when she only wanted him to feel.

"One might look as wise as an owl and talk like a Solomon, but what would it amount to in a sick-room or in any emergency?" she asked, in a contemptuous tone.

"Women reason with the heart," he remarked, coolly.

"Men would, if they had any," was her prompt response.

A hearty laugh on both sides ended the brief controversy.

If Hannah had been beautiful in person, or possessed of any particular talent, she might not have made her quiet way through the world without attracting any notice. She had a gift for martyrdom, but martyrs are not thought much of till they pass over Jordan.

She was not disagreeably plain in looks. The trouble was, that there was nothing noticeable about her appearance; nothing to strike the eye or attract a second glance. People saw her in her place in Church, but they observed her in the same way that they noticed the hassocks in the pew.

At home her low voice and quiet ways helped to keep her in the background. She seldom joined in the conversation around her, never unless she was spoken to; but she listened attentively to what was said by others.

She had no time for general reading. Sometimes a book or a newspaper article was read aloud in her hearing, and then her face lighted up with interest and gave her a rare beauty of expression.

It was true, as Mrs. Gerry had said, that Hannah was wearing out. Her step grew weak and faltering, and her appetite quite deserted her. She began to feel a strange reluctance to get up in the morning. She would sit down whenever her work permitted. There was no pain, no positive illness, but simply a disinclination to move.

"It must be, Hannah, that you are growing lazy," remarked her mother one

morning when she surprised her washing the dishes in a sitting posture.

"I am afraid I am," Hannah replied, too much puzzled herself by her debility to give any better name to it.

In the Autumn brother Tom had a long illness, a kind of low fever, that was at no time dangerous, but which required careful nursing, and Hannah's services were indispensable in the sick-room. He was not very sick, but he thought he was going to die, and was greatly terrified at the prospect. When in good health he was one of those wise persons so often met with in society who think themselves too intelligent to give unquestioning credence to the Bible; who, judging their Creator by their own finite understanding, insist that he shall govern the universe and decide the great interests of eternity according to their sense of fitness.

He was loftily above the necessity of coming to Christ as a sinner needing salvation. He did n't believe any body had ever experienced a change of heart. All the great multitude of professed Christians, whose researches in science and various scholarly attainments evinced uncommon power of thought, whose intellectual superiority was universally acknowledged, were self-deceived fanatics, while he, Tom Hartley, knew all about it. They studied the Bible, daily, prayerfully, and with all the earnest attention that they were capable of. He scarcely ever looked into its pages and prayed not at all for divine guidance. Still he modestly declared that he knew more about the Bible than they did; and, as to their personal experience of the truths there taught, he admitted that they were sincere in professing a belief that had no foundation in fact.

He could not deny that the Church members in his neighborhood were, the most of them, persons who possessed shrewd common sense in all matters unconnected with religion. When it came to that, he, Tom Hartley, knew more about their inner life than they did. Of course he had no idea of the consummate

impudence of such assertions, neither did he suspect the disgust that his exhibition of self-conceit inspired.

When Jenny Lind was charming all the world with her wonderful voice, a man who had no ear for music was drawn by curiosity to one of her concerts. The next day he was accosted on the street by a gentleman who was also present to listen to her singing.

"So you have heard the famous Swedish nightingale, Smith?"

"Yes, I followed the crowd."

"You will never hear any thing sweeter till you go to heaven. It is simply marvellous."

"Well, I am never so much carried away with new things as many are. I did n't think much of her singing. In my opinion she is a regular humbug!"

"Look here, Smith," responded his hearer, impatiently; "if you do n't want to be taken for a jackass, you had better keep your opinion to yourself. A humbug! Why, man, can't you see that if all the world is of one opinion, and there is only yourself on the opposite side, the world is apt to be correct? Or, do you suppose there was more wisdom packed into your one noddle than was dispensed to all the rest of God's creation?"

Sickness did not take the conceit out of Tom Hartley. It only frightened him. And it was "only Hannah" who was made the confidant of his spiritual fears. She was more puzzled than edified by his state of mind. As is often the case in such fevers, he was better on every alternate day, and then he had no desire for religious conversation and prayer. All day long he occupied himself and wearied every one else with his plans for this world. But before sunrise the next morning his tune changed, and his prospects for the world to come were uppermost. There was no contrition for sin, or any longing to obtain the favor of God. He was only anxious to escape from the punishment of sin. Once, indeed, on the most discouraging day of all, he said:

"If I could live my life over again, it would be a different thing from the way

I have gone on; but there's no use in thinking of that now."

"No. All you can do now is to repent of your sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Hannah felt in saying this that she was on sure Bible ground.

Tom did not reply, and the next day he was so decidedly better that he dismissed the care of his soul altogether. All this time Hannah's strength had been declining. The slight figure grew more and more frail, and the thin fingers trembled sadly as they went on with their labor of love.

At last, when Tom was quite strong again, Hannah went home, and, after putting all her trifling possessions in order, lay down upon her bed never to rise again at the call of another.

Her illness was the greatest surprise that the family had ever experienced.

"I do hope that it will not last long," said the mother, anxiously. "We have had to get along with Samantha Green's help all the time that Tom has been sick. She is willing to work, but she wants to be told, and the housekeeping has been a great care. I feel about used up. The pickles need seeing to, and the quinces and citrons will spoil if they are not done up pretty soon. Well, the world is full of trouble."

"She needs rest," said the father, timidly. He had missed Hannah's gentle tending more than any of them, for his rheumatism had been especially troublesome since the frosty nights had come. "She ought to have a good resting spell," he added, more boldly, as he saw that his first suggestion frightened no one.

"Rest!" repeated the mother, "I think I need rest, if any one does."

"John came home last night as blue as indigo," said Mabel. "He said that one of Peter Walton's children had died very suddenly of scarlatina, and that two more were down with it and not expected to live. The doctor told him that quite a number of other children were sick with the disease. If our boys are to have it, I hope to mercy that Hannah will be able

to take charge of them. I should n't know what to do. And besides, I am as much afraid of scarlatina as of small-pox."

"How very inconvenient!" was the comment of Tom's wife. "What with Tom's sickness and my own anxiety, my Fall work is all behindhand. I depended on Hannah to get Tom's Winter flannels made up, and to help about the clothes for the children. Well, it's lucky for me that she got home before she gave up. I could n't have had her here sick."

Asa and his wife had no particular work in view for Hannah, for Asa had married a smart little woman who declared that she could not find half enough to do in her own family, and who really added largely to the family means by sewing straw hats for the straw manufacturers. She had sometimes felt and expressed a little surprise at Hannah's position; not exactly a remonstrance, for she was not sufficiently interested for that.

Now when Asa came in with the news of Hannah's illness, and declared that it seemed queer enough to have her laid up when she was needed more than ever, his wife remarked:

"It is queerer still to me that a girl no stronger than Hannah has held out till now to slave for the whole family. I'm glad I have n't got it to answer for."

"Whew!" Asa opened his eyes to their fullest extent. "What's up now? I guess you would not get Hannah to agree with you. *She* do n't consider herself a slave, I can tell you."

"If she dies, you'll find out."

"Well, she is n't going to die. She'll be round again directly, as spry as a lark."

Asa expressed the opinion of the whole family. No one looked upon Hannah's illness as any thing more serious than a temporary inconvenience. But, on the second week, as she still kept her bed, it was thought best to call in the family doctor.

"She needs rousing up," said the mother. "There she lies from morning till night, and from night till morning, without trying to stir. The doctor may

give her some simple medicine that will set her up at once. And father can get some more of the doctor's liniment while he is here."

So the doctor was called in and sent up to Hannah's room. He stood by the bedside looking down at her a long time; then, without asking a question, he turned slowly away and went down-stairs, with so grave a face that it startled them all.

"How is she, Doctor? Not much sick, I hope." It was Mabel who questioned him.

Without preface or preparation the doctor answered:

"She is dying."

"Dying! It is not possible. What is the matter with her? Any thing contagious?"

"She is worn out. That is all. There is no disease; but she has no rallying power. She will not last through the night."

"What shall we do?" asked Mabel, in a frightened tone. "Mother can't stay with her, and I am afraid to see her die."

"There will be nothing to scare you. She has no pain, and will just grow weaker and weaker till the end."

At Hannah's request, Mrs. Gerry was sent for.

"Can you stay with me?" asked the sick girl, faintly.

"Yes, indeed. I will not leave you."

"You will not be afraid?" Hannah had noticed the dread with which Mabel came near her.

"Afraid! Oh, no. I had rather stay than not."

The warm-hearted woman's tears fell freely as she bent down to kiss the pale face on the pillow.

"Do n't cry, please," said Hannah, smiling brightly. "I think I am going home. How light and pleasant it seems!"

A look of perfect content settled upon her face. No one who saw it could doubt

the reality of the religion of Christ, or question its power to support the soul in its extremity. Hannah had left all the cares of life completely behind her. Her voice was as clear and musical as ever, and seemed, indeed, to gather strength when she spoke again.

"Oh, the beautiful land of rest! Oh, the glorious mansions prepared for those who love Jesus! I am almost there. I shall soon hear the music of heaven. I shall see the King in his beauty. Is it not wonderful? I, even I, am saved. The Savior is here; close to me. He himself will lead me. Oh, what a happy, happy day!"

After this she lay quietly and spoke no more. There was no leave-taking, no farewell words. Not one glance did she turn backward. Her work was done and the reward awaiting her.

The family gathered around her bed, awe-struck and speechless in the presence of death. They watched the poor, pale face so radiant with its foretaste of glory, and they could not realize that it was "only Hannah." Was it possible that during her quiet, unpretending life among them she had won such an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom?

Mrs. Gerry was right in thinking that they would be real mourners. Selfish mourners they were in one sense, but the loss of the patient servant, who had missed the love and privileges of a child, brought to them at last a knowledge of her. To some of them it brought also a knowledge of themselves. By Hannah's death-bed they learned this Scripture truth, that it is the pure in heart that shall see God.

When Mrs. Gerry next saw the doctor she asked: "How on earth could that poor child run down to death's door before any one knew it?"

"Why, you see," he answered, "it was 'only Hannah,' and they did not notice."

H. C. GARDNER.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

I HAVE been reaching, reaching through the spheres,
Trying to comprehend God's mighty plan;
Why some are doomed to toil and pain and tears,
While others roll in wealth: why mortal man
May never, never reach the longed-for goal,
While suns and planets roll.

I have been striving, weary years, to lift
My mind above the level plain around;
And oftentimes I see a golden rift
Between the shadows where my steps are bound.
I hasten onward—but the light is fled,
And all my hopes are dead.

I have been giving all my spirit's power
To lift up those whose lives are linked with mine,
To rear in this dark soil some precious flower,
Whose beauty yet might make my life divine;
But, oh, soon as it meets my longing sight,
It instantly takes flight.

I have been toiling for one spot of earth
Where my tired soul should rest and feel at home,
Where trees should grow, and flowers for me spring forth,
And all the clustering hopes of life might come
And twine around me. But the years go on,
And home I still have none!

I have been longing for a calm, sweet time,
When I should sit beneath my spreading trees,
And read my books and weave my thoughts in rhyme,
While sound of falling water and the breeze,
Amid the pines, should lull my soul to rest,
And make me truly blest.

I have been crushing down all highest thought
From sight of those who can not understand,
Until I seem a freightless vessel, brought
On a dark evening to a barren land,—
Nothing behind me but the ocean's roar,
Nothing upon the shore!

I have been yearning for an outstretched hand
To meet my own with sympathetic touch,
For one to speak of a delightful land
Where hearts may not be burdened over much;
Where one might gaze upon a lovely flower,
Nor lose it in an hour!

Yet all these aspirations—all these hopes
Have fled, like mists before the rising sun;
Like sunset shadows o'er the evening slopes,—
Like the mirage, which lures the traveler on;

Like friendship, when misfortune takes our gold;
Like love, when we grow old!

And is this all? to struggle, year by year,
For happiness, and never reach it quite;
The smile forever quenched out with the tear,
The day forever swallowed up in night?
Till death comes on and takes us all at last,
And all of earth is past?

Ah! who could think that this were all? That God
Made us for sorrow only? that the worm
Is but created to be crushed and trod
Beneath our feet? or that the sweeping storm
Hath not its uses? He who formed the whole
Will care for every soul.

So I am sure that somewhere and sometime,
All hopes and longings yet will be fulfilled;
That in the pathway of the soul sublime
Not always will its highest thought be chilled;
That every deep emotion yet will find
Its answer, true and kind.

MARY E. NEALY.

THE OLIVE-TREE.

ITS CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE.

THE principal feature of the sunny Riviera of Genoa, so much admired by travelers and sung by poets, is undoubtedly its stately olive-trees. Extensive groves of this valuable plant line the coast from Nice to Spezzia, and accompany the tourist along the Cornice road. For miles and miles you see them climbing upon the stony ridges till they disappear behind the lofty summits, their everlasting whitish foliage relieved by the beautiful green palm leaves, golden orange fruits, and majestic pines, giving to the whole landscape a peculiar charm, which forcibly recalls to the mind the picturesque and glorious countries of the East.

The olive-tree comes, in fact, originally from Asia Minor. When Cecrops built the capital of his kingdom, Neptune and Minerva claimed the right to give it their

name. The matter was rather difficult to settle, for both deities were growing quite warm and fierce in the contest. At length it was decided that this honor would be reserved to the god who would endow Greece with the most useful thing. Neptune then struck the earth with his foot, and a spirited horse came out at his command, while the Goddess of Wisdom created the olive-tree—emblem of peace and abundance. The prize was awarded at once to Minerva, who forthwith called the new city Athens—the goddess's name in Greek. This plant was thenceforth held in great veneration by the ancients, consecrated to Minerva, and ambassadors were wont to carry olive branches in their hands as a token of peace and friendship.

We read that this useful tree was first introduced into Provence by the Pho-

ceans, founders of Marseilles, and that it gradually spread over the rest of Southern Europe, more particularly near the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, forming an immense garland reaching far down to Spain and Africa. It soon attracted the attention of agriculturists and farmers, who found in it a source of inexhaustible wealth, easily acquired too, for it requires but little care and culture—only pruning, digging, and manuring once every two or three years. The vicinity of the sea favors its growth, for the olive-tree is easily injured by severe cold, especially when a sapling. The steep hills exposed to the warm sun and saline breezes, the barren and stony grounds where nothing else will grow, are its favorite resorts. Easily multiplied by slips and even by bits of bark buried in mold, it develops rather slowly, and will bear fruit only after ten or twelve years. It outlasts centuries, however, and will sometimes attain the considerable height of fifteen meters. We find it taller in Provence than in Lauguedoc, and still taller as we advance in Southern Europe, in Asia, and in Africa.

The olive wood makes a very good fuel. It is hard, susceptible of a high polish, and is generally used for knife-handles, snuff-boxes, etc., while the fruit, dried or salted, is excellent as an article of food. But the principal and most important production of this tree is the oil. Oil is indeed a vulgar subject to entertain our readers with; yet it is a necessary of life, and contributes largely to the prosperity of extensive and beautiful countries. Petroleum and gas have lately supplanted it in some respects; nevertheless, if it no more lights our parlors and halls, it still constitutes the staple food of numerous populations, and fills the place of that delicious creamy butter which nature has reserved for more temperate climates. The whole cooking of Southern Europe would come to a stop without this golden liquid.

Oil is not only of the greatest utility for domestic economy, but also for manufactures and trades. We consider it one of

the finest gifts of agriculture to industry, and it represents in mechanics those wholesome fluids that nature pours on the articulations of animals to soften and preserve them. Its uses are endless. It serves for the dressing of hides, for the preparation of colors and varnishes. It is the principal ingredient of that most necessary of compositions—soap, for soap is made, as every body knows, of soda or potash mixed with a large quantity of oil. Marseilles alone consumes every year in her soap manufactories twenty millions of chilos of olive oil.

This precious liquid is composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon. Chemists have not yet discovered the manner to combine these three elements in suitable proportions so as to make oil. Industry is, therefore, obliged to extract it from the natural productions which contain it,—from the pulp of the olives, from the seeds of fruits, from several kinds of fishes, and from the fat of certain animals. Its taste and qualities vary according to the substances from which it is taken. Thus olive, almond, castor, codfish oil are considered salutary medicines, while colza nut, linseed oil, and many others, are used in manufactures or for cooking in places where the olive-tree does not grow.

Oil belongs, therefore, exclusively to organic nature, for we can not call petroleum and naphtha oils, but rather a kind of bitumen.

In the whole Riviera of Liguria the gathering of olives, which lasts four or five months, from November till March, is hailed as an event of the greatest importance, for it forms the chief resource of the rural population. As soon as the wind causes the fruit to fall, every body hurries to the field. Women and children particularly are seen busily engaged in picking it up, even if it is not very ripe, as is generally the case, or eaten by worms—a disease prevailing at present in this plant, which often destroys most of the crop. If the fruit reaches maturity safely, it is collected carefully with the hands, and the tree beaten with a

long switch, not to lose the least olive that will still remain on the higher branches.

As the olives are gathered they are placed in large bags and carried to the press. Every village possesses three or four of these presses, belonging to prosperous farmers or to the neighboring land owners.

Let us enter one of these primitive buildings. Much in it will, no doubt, excite our curiosity—much that will perhaps disappear soon before a more complex and improved machinery. It is a vast, dark hall, of the simplest description, opening on the ground floor, the huge brown rafters hung capriciously with numerous cobwebs. A strong smell of olives prevails everywhere, and a sort of oily coating seems to cover every thing around. On one side stands a large grindstone, moved generally by water; on the other a rude wooden press, with a narrow vat at the bottom. In one corner a capacious stove burns brightly, while over it an immense kettle full of water boils and gurgles gayly. A stone bench is near it, and farther off a sort of niche with a wooden seat, the reserved place of the more aristocratic visitors that will honor the establishment with their presence.

The press, with the exception of the Sabbath, is at work day and night, and you can hear continually the monotonous noise of the water as it splashes over the wheel, or the rough voices of the peasants shouting to each other, while files of sturdy boys trot along, carrying on their shoulders bags full of olives. These olives are emptied in a corner of the room, each peasant having his own separate pile. The fruit is then placed under the grindstone until it forms a sort of pulpy matter. This is carefully collected and heaped up in small, round rope baskets, with a hole in the middle, much resembling those used by fishermen. Nine or ten of these baskets form what is called a load (*una carica*). They are piled one upon the other, and submitted to the operation of the press.

Under the force of the pressure, the oil now begins to come out and falls into the vat, where a wooden cask is ready to receive it. This is the pure virgin oil, the very best that can be made, for the ripest and largest olives are chosen for it. In Southern France it is of a greenish color, the fruit not being allowed to reach perfect maturity, while in Italy it has a beautiful pale gold hue.

The baskets are now emptied on the floor, the contents well manipulated with the hands, replaced in the same baskets, and each of these thoroughly soaked with boiling water, to increase the fluidity of the oil. The operation of the press is repeated, and the mixed liquid which follows is placed in large casks, where the water will soon separate from the oil, which will float. This is the second quality of oil; it has a stronger taste than the first, and is the one generally found in commerce.

The refuse (*sansa*) is thrown in a corner. Part of it serves to heat the furnace, and large quantities are sold to other establishments, which contrive, by means of boiling water and an excessive pressure, to extract from it a small portion of oil, of the most inferior quality, however, to be used in manufactories only. This *sansa* makes excellent fuel. The bakers buy it to heat their ovens, and when it is well carbonized they throw it in large close vessels and extinguish it. This kind of pulverized coal is generally used by the Italians to warm themselves, for it has neither the bad smell nor the deleterious exhalations of the charcoal or anthracite. The brasiers, the diminutive tin stoves resembling foot-stools, to warm the feet, are filled and lighted with it, as well as the *scaldini*, a sort of small earthenware vessel with a handle like a basket, which the women of the lower classes carry constantly about, or place under their garments when sitting down to sew or knit.

When the oil is well separated from the water, the pressman skims it carefully, and delivers it over to its owners, receiving five cents for every load of olives he

has worked, while a few spoonfuls of the liquid are poured by each peasant into the Church jug, which stands in a corner awaiting to be replenished. The *sansa*, or its equivalent in money, is left to the press. If the oil belongs, instead, to the proprietor of the building, it is deposited in an adjoining room, in large marble or slate vats, where, by repeated extravasations, it acquires, in a short time, the necessary clearness and purity. A large tree will often give sixteen liters of oil, and the best quality is sold generally from a hundred to a hundred and thirty francs a barrel (sixty-four liters). An abundant crop, however, is only to be expected once every two or three years.

The press is the resort of the villagers, who will drop in occasionally for a friendly chat. A curious place of observation it is, indeed! Enconced in the not over-comfortable wooden niche, I have spent many a pleasant half-hour listening to the merry gossip and studying the faces around; the pressman in his oily blouse briskly directing his assistants, the barefooted peasants, who will enliven their work with rude jokes and jests, keeping all the time a watchful eye on their own property; the stout friar, with his open snuff-box in his hand, which he offers with a benediction to the whole company, while he asks for oil for the Madonna's lamp; the cunning *fattore* (country agent), gravely dividing the new-made oil—two-thirds for the *padrone*, or proprietor, and one for the peasant, not forgetting, meanwhile, his own little

profits; the ragged beggar peeping in at the door, or the itinerant peddler stopping to display and extol his different wares.

Evening comes, and the large hall, with its dark heaps of *sansa* grouped here and there, dimly lit by the ruddy blaze and by small antediluvian lamps hanging from the ceiling, assumes a decidedly fantastic appearance. A living picture for a painter to fix on the canvas! The men returning from the field crowd in to warm themselves near the fire, smoke their pipes, and discuss that most important of topics, the olive crop; for at this season of the year two peasants will never meet without invariably starting the oil question. The women bring in their knitting, which they season with the current village gossip, or conversation will be hushed to listen to the *fattore's* voice relating some wonderful story or reading some popular romance, while his audience, awed by his superior learning and Latin sentences, give him their undivided attention, and receive all his *bonmots* with the broadest grin.

An impromptu supper of fried batter-cakes and wine, offered by the peasants who have finished pressing their oil, often ends the day. But this hospitable usage is fast falling into disuse, as before advancing civilization disappear most of the quaint and curious customs—the delight of poets and painters—which once characterized the sunny land where grows the vine and blossoms the orange-tree.

ELVIRA CAORSI.

DOING WELL.

ALTHOUGH no act of yours be strong,
To grace or blot the historic page;
Although no word of deathless song
May pass your name from age to age;

Yet plant a flower or pluck a weed,
Beside life's way, and who shall tell
What growth may follow from the seed,
Of simple, silent, doing well?

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

I. THE ELEVEN THOUSAND VIRGINS.

IN the year of our Lord 220, Vionest and Daria reigned in Britain. Only one thing was wanting to complete their happiness,—they had no children. Daily they offered up prayers for a successor, and, in a measure, the Almighty granted their request, and sent them a daughter. From her earliest years this child was a saint, and, devoting herself to God, vowed before his altars to belong to him alone. As years rolled by, the report of her grace and beauty spread abroad and reached the ears of a German prince, Agrippinus, who demanded her in marriage for his son, and dispatched ambassadors to the court of Vionest, loaded with presents consisting of glittering arms, money, and provisions of all kinds. Vionest had not approved of his daughter's decision, and secretly regretted that so much virtue and beauty should be lost to the world. However, he respected her vow, and replied to the ambassadors that as he was no longer master of her hand, he begged them to take back the presents to Agrippinus with his regrets. The ambassadors, not willing to abandon all hope, tarried some time at the court of Vionest. One night when the king, unable to sleep, from annoyance at his daughter's resolution, and the knowledge that all efforts to dissuade her from her purpose would be vain, an angel appeared to him and declared that it was the will of God that the marriage should take place, and Ursula, moved by the angel's dictation, finally consented to follow his advice.

The preliminaries were settled, but Vionest would not allow his daughter to depart without a suite suitable for her high rank. Eleven thousand virgins of the most distinguished families of Britain were therefore selected as her retinue. The day appointed for the departure arrived, and the vessels being ready, the eleven thousand virgins, with the princess

at their head, assembled on the sea shore, attired in white, and chanting canticles. Before embarking, Ursula exhorted her companions to fear God alone and not the terrors of the sea; and, as she had been inspired with the gift of science from heaven, she taught them the art of navigation, and dismissed all the men who were employed in the fleet.

These preparations having been completed, they started on their journey. It must have been a wondrous sight—these eleven thousand virgins distributed throughout the ships like swarms of white doves; some trimming the sails, some standing on the prows, others at the helm; while the beautiful bride, Ursula, stood upon the stern of the principal vessel commanding them all. It must have awakened profound emotion in the soul to have seen these eleven thousand virgins seated upon deck, singing harmonious canticles when the wind blew fair and the vessels glided swiftly over the tranquil water. After a few days the miraculous fleet, guided by the hand of God, entered the Rhine, and ascended that noble stream to Cologne, where Aquilinus, the Roman governor, received Ursula and her maidens with great honor. But they did not tarry long, as they designed to proceed on a pilgrimage to Rome, and they soon re-embarked in order to ascend the Rhine as far as Basle. There Pantulus, another Roman governor, received them with still greater distinction than Aquilinus. Having quitted their vessels at Basle, they traversed Switzerland and the Alps on foot, escorted by Pantulus, who resolved to make the pilgrimage to Rome in their company. Having thus participated in the labors of the eleven thousand virgins, he also partook of their glorious immortality. An altar in the Church of St. Ursula, records the canonization of St. Pantulus.

Having reached Rome, they were bap-

tized by Pope Cyriacus, and after visiting the tombs of the apostles, they prepared for their return to the Rhine. Pope Cyriacus, it is said, renounced the pontificate, that he might accompany them with a great number of the clergy. At length the eleven thousand virgins again embarked on the Rhine, and were joined at Mayence by Caman, the son of Agrippinus, who there awaited their arrival. Caman was a pagan, but upon seeing his young and beautiful bride with her extraordinary suite, of whom she seemed to be queen, accompanied by the venerable and gray-haired pope and a long train of clergy, he found that doubts about the religion of his fathers arose, and combined with his love for Ursula. It is possible that the angel who had appeared to Vionest also influenced the mind of Caman, the young barbarian. But, whatever may have been the cause, he was converted and baptized, after which the betrothed pair and their immense suite descended the Rhine to Cologne. Scarcely had they arrived in that city when it was besieged and surrounded and finally taken by an army of Goths. The eleven thousand virgins were tortured in a thousand different ways. Some were crucified as a barbarous mockery of the death of that Savior whom they adored; others were cruelly beaten to death with clubs or decapitated, while the pope and all his clergy perished in excruciating torments. The barbarians reserved Caman and his bride to crown this horrible scene of martyrdom. One of the pictures now in the church of Cologne depicts the manner of their death. Caman, pierced with wounds, is represented turning toward Ursula with perhaps more of love than resignation in his looks, while she, more saintly, seems to defy death. Her tomb is in a little chapel near the picture where her effigy is sculptured in white marble, with a dove at her feet. Thousands of bones in this church are shown as the relics of these virgin martyrs. The legend has probably a basis of truth, but the number of the virgins is ridiculously magnified.

II. THE ARTIST OF COLOGNE.

The Archbishop Conrad de Hochsteden, wishing to erect a cathedral which, in beauty and design, should exceed all others in Germany and France, directed the most skillful draughtsman of Cologne to prepare a plan. The name of this architect, for a very good reason, remains unknown, as will be presently seen, and must not be attributed to what was the common fate of almost all of the architects of the Middle Ages. In 1248 Conrad de Hochsteden issued his order, and two hundred and fifty years afterward the cathedral was still unfinished.

The architect to whom the archbishop had applied was sauntering one day along the Rhine, meditating upon his plan. Absorbed in thought, he reached the French gate, where there may be seen, at this day, several mutilated statues. Seating himself, he drew sketches, with a small stick he held in his hand, on the sand, effacing them quickly, and replacing them by others. He continued this until the sun reflected its last rays upon the bosom of the Rhine.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "how beautiful would be a cathedral with the towers soaring toward heaven and catching the departing sunbeams, while the Rhine and town would be in the dim twilight!" And perfectly satisfied with himself, he continued his work.

An old man who was sitting near him had watched his movements with great attention, and when the artist, believing that he had attained what he sought, exclaimed aloud, "Ah, I have it!" the old man murmured, "Yes, you have it indeed: but that is the cathedral of Strasbourg."

He was correct. The inspiration of the artist was a mere effort of memory. His plan was effaced and another begun, but each time that he drew his plan and was satisfied with his idea, the old man chuckled and muttered, "Metz, Amiens," or some other city famous for its cathedral.

"Upon my word, Master," said the artist, at last, annoyed by his jeers,

"you understand how to blame the work of others, I should like to see what you can do."

The old man made no reply, but continued to criticise, until the artist, losing his temper, held out his stick and said: "Come, come; try your hand."

The old man gave him a peculiar glance; then, taking the stick, he traced only a few lines, but in such a masterly way, the artist exclaimed:

"It is plain to see that you are an architect. Do you belong to Cologne?"

"No," answered the old man, dryly, returning the stick.

"Why do you not proceed?" demanded the other. "I beg you to finish your design."

"No; you would copy it and reap all the honor," he replied.

"Listen, sir," continued the architect. "We are alone"—and, in fact, the shore at this moment was deserted, for the night was growing darker and darker. "I will give you ten golden crowns if you will complete the sketch now before me."

"Ten golden crowns to me," roared out the old man, and so saying, he pulled an enormous purse from under his cloak, which he threw in the air. It was, evidently, full of gold. The artist started back some paces, and then returning with gloomy agitation, he caught the old man by the arm, and drawing out a dagger he cried: "Finish it, or die!"

"Violence against me! Ah ha, that will not serve you either," said the stranger, with a derisive smile. Then seizing his adversary he hurled him to the ground, saying: "There, there; now you know that neither gold nor violence can affect me, and you may have my plan, and the honor with it, if you please."

"How so?" asked the prostrate artist.

"Be mine, body and soul," he answered, with a stern voice.

The artist at this uttered a loud cry, and, making the sign of the cross, the Devil, for he it was, suddenly disappeared.

On recovering his senses, the artist, who found himself lying upon the sands,

arose and hastened home, where the old woman, his servant, who had been his nurse, asked what had detained him so late. He made no reply, but hurrying to his chamber, immediately retired to bed, where he dreamed of apparitions, and, among others, the figure of the old man presented himself to his imagination, tracing those wonderful outlines upon the sand.

"Ah," he thought upon waking the following day, "a plan does exist of a cathedral that will surpass all others." And he went to work drawing arches, towers, porches, but nothing succeeded. The marvelous plan of the old man was the only one that would do.

He threw down his pencil and went to the church of the Holy Apostles and tried to pray. Vain effort! This church is one of the smallest in Cologne. How it compared with the drawing of the old man can be imagined. In the evening he found himself again upon the borders of the Rhine. The same stillness, the same solitude reigned. Mechanically he reached the French gate, and there perceived the old man apparently drawing upon the wall. Every stroke was of fire. Although the burning lines crossed and interlaced each other in a thousand different ways, yet, in the midst of this confusion, forms of spandrels, steeples, and Gothic fretwork might be distinctly traced, which, however, disappeared after sparkling an instant, although at times these brilliant lines seemed to combine and form a perfect plan. He now hoped to behold the wondrous cathedral, but suddenly the whole became so confused that his bewildered eye entirely lost sight of the object.

"Well, will you have my plan?" said the old man to the artist, who only sighed deeply.

"Will you have it?" repeated the demon; and as he uttered these words he drew the image of a portal in luminous tracery on the wall, and then as suddenly effaced it.

"I will do all you ask," wildly answered the artist.

"To-morrow, then, at midnight," replied the other; and then they separated.

When the artist arose the next morning he was full of joy and hope, for he only thought of the possession of the plan for that invisible cathedral. He approached the window. The day was beautiful, and the Rhine, illuminated by the rays of the glorious sun, formed a sparkling crescent. The city of Cologne on its banks descended in a gentle slope from the hill to the shore, into the golden waves which bathed the foot of the ramparts. "Let me see," murmured the artist to himself; "where shall my cathedral stand?"

He looked about for an advantageous position, and while thus engaged in hopeful anticipations, he saw his old nurse leaving the house. She was clad in black.

"Where are you going?" called the artist; "and what is the meaning of that mourning dress?"

"I am going to the church of the Holy Apostles, to hear a mass for the deliverance of a soul from purgatory," she replied.

"A mass of deliverance," repeated the artist, and closing his window, he threw himself upon his bed and burst into tears.

"A mass of deliverance!" he ejaculated. "Alas! no masses or prayers can avail for me! I am damned; damned forever—damned for my inordinate ambition."

In this state of mind his nurse found him when she returned from church. When she inquired as to the cause of his distress, he made no answer; but pressing him more earnestly, he at last confessed all to her. The old woman was horror-struck with the communication. "How, sell your soul to Satan! It is impossible!"

The worthy woman crossed herself. "Have you forgotten your baptismal vows and all the prayers I have taught you? Go directly, in God's name, and confess."

The artist sobbed aloud. But in a moment the image of the wonderful cathedral dazzled his eyes and bewildered his senses. Then the idea of eternal damna-

tion presented itself so vividly that he trembled like a leaf. The nurse, being at a loss to know what to do, resolved to consult her confessor. Having told him the whole story, the priest paused and began to consider.

"What!" said he, "a cathedral that would make Cologne the marvel of all Germany and France!"

"But, father," interrupted the old dame—

"A cathedral to which pilgrims would resort from all parts of the world," he continued, musing to himself. Then, after further reflection and meditation, he said: "Here, my good woman; here is a relic of the eleven thousand virgins. Give it to your master, and let him take it with him to the place of meeting. He must endeavor to get this plan from the devil before he signs the agreement. As soon as he gets it in his hands let him show this relic, and trust in God for the rest."

It was half-past eleven when the artist quitted the house, leaving his nurse on her knees,—indeed, he had been praying himself the greater part of the evening. Having concealed the relic which was to protect him, under his cloak, he proceeded to the appointed spot, where he found the demon, who had laid aside his disguise and appeared in his proper colors.

"You need not be alarmed," he said to the artist, who was trembling from head to foot. "Approach, and fear nothing." The architect obeyed, and the Devil exclaimed, "Here is the plan for your cathedral, and here is the contract you must sign."

The artist felt that his salvation depended upon this moment. Breathing a silent prayer for success, he seized the marvelous plan with one hand, and with the other held up the holy relic, exclaiming,

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, by virtue of this holy relic, I command thee, Satan, to begone! Begone, I say!"

He repeated the sign of the cross, and the Devil, taken aback, exclaimed in a fury:

"Some priest taught you this trick;

none other could have put you up to it." He then remained awhile, considering whether he should take back his plan, or throw himself upon the artist and kill him; but the latter was on his guard, pressed the plan close to his breast, and used the holy relic as a shield. Seeing this, the fiend exclaimed: "I am outwitted, but I will be revenged in spite of your relics and priests. Listen, foolish mortal. That church, the plan of which you have stolen from me, shall never be completed. And as for thee I will blot out thy name from the memory of men. Thou shalt not be damned, O builder of Cologne cathedral, but thy name shall pass away, be forgotten and unknown forever."

So saying, the Devil disappeared. These last words, "Forgotten and unknown forever," made a singular impression on the artist's mind, and he returned home in a melancholy mood, although he was master of the wonderful design. The next day, however, he directed that a mass of thanksgiving should be celebrated, and speedily began building the noble cathedral, which rose higher and higher from day to day, so that the artist trusted that the Devil would be a false prophet. As for his name, he determined to have it engraved upon a brass plate affixed to the portal. But the dissensions which took place between the Archbishop and citizens soon interrupted the progress of the building. The architect died suddenly, and under such circumstances that it was believed the Devil hastened his death. Since that time many fruitless attempts have been made at different intervals to finish the cathedral. And useless also have been the efforts of the erudite antiquarian to discover the name of the architect; the work still remains imperfect, and the name unknown.

III. THE CATHEDRAL OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

In former times the zealous and devout citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle determined to build a cathedral. For six months the clang of the hammer and ax resounded

with wonderful activity; but, alas, the money which had been supplied by pious Christians for this holy work became exhausted, the wages of the masons were suspended, and with that, their desire to hew and hammer, for, after all, men were not so very religious in those days as to build a temple on credit!

Thus it stood, half finished, resembling a falling ruin. Moss, grass, and wild parsley flourished in the cracks of the wall, screech-owls already found convenient places for their nests, and quarrelsome sparrows hopped about noisily where holy priests should have been teaching lessons of peace.

The builders were confounded, they endeavored to borrow here and there, but no rich man could be induced to lend so large a sum. The collections from house to house fell short, so that instead of the much wished for golden foxes, nothing was found but copper coins. When the city magistrates received this report of the state of affairs, they were in ill humor, and looked with despondent faces toward the walls of the cathedral, as fathers look upon the remains of favorite children.

At this hopeless moment a stranger, of commanding figure and noble voice and bearing, entered and exclaimed:

"Bon jour, gentlemen! I hear that you are out of spirits. But if money is all that is lacking, console yourselves. I possess mines of gold and silver, and can willingly supply you with a ton, if you please!"

The astonished senators sat like a row of pillars, measuring the stranger from head to foot. The Burgomaster was the first who found his tongue, and said:

"Who are you, noble sir? And why should you speak of tons of gold as though they were sacks of beans? Tell us your name and rank, and whether you are sent from the regions above to our assistance."

"I have not the honor to reside there," replied the stranger, "and between ourselves I beg most particularly not to be troubled with questions as to who or what

I am. Suffice it to say, I have gold plentiful as hay in Summer." He drew out a leather pouch, and continued, "This little purse contains only the tenth of what I will give. The rest shall soon be forthcoming. Now listen, gentlemen," he added, clinking the coin, "all this trumpery shall be yours if you promise to give me the first soul that enters the doors of the new temple when it is consecrated."

The astonished senators now sprang from their seats as if they had been shot up by an earthquake, and then rushing pell-mell, they all fell in a heap in the farthest corner of the room, where they trembled and clung to each other like a flock of frightened lambs in a thunderstorm. Only one of the party, who had not entirely lost his wits, collected his senses, and lifting up his head from the terrified group, boldly exclaimed:

"Avaunt, thou wicked spirit!"

But the stranger, who was no other than master Satan, laughed at them, and at last said:

"Why is this outcry? Is my offense so criminal that you should behave like simpletons? It is I that suffer from this business, not you. With my thousands and thousands of gold, I need not run far to buy a score of souls. I ask but one from you in exchange for all my money. Why do you pick at straws? One may see very plainly you are a set of humbugs! For the good of the commonwealth (for this high-sounding name is often borrowed for all sorts of purposes), many a prince would instantly conduct a whole army to be butchered, and you refuse one single man for that purpose! Fie! I am ashamed of you, O overwise counselors, to hear you reason so absurdly. Do you think you are depriving yourselves of the kernel of your people by granting my wish? Oh, no; there your wisdom is quite in fault, for depend upon it, hypocrites are always the earliest church birds."

By degrees the senators regained courage while the cunning fiend spoke, and they whispered to each other:

"What is the use of our resisting?

The fellow will show his teeth if we do not assent; we will probably suffer ourselves; it is better to quiet him directly."

The contract was concluded, and then a shower of purses flew in the room through the doors and windows, and master Beelzebub took his departure without leaving a scent of brimstone behind. He stopped at the door, however, and called out with a grim leer:

"Count it over again for fear that I have cheated you!"

The hellish gold was piously expended in finishing the cathedral, but, nevertheless, when the building shone forth in all its splendor, the whole town was filled with fear and alarm at the sight of it. The fact was, that although the senators had promised by bond and oath not to trust the secret to any body, one of them had prated to his wife, and she had gossiped it about, so that all declared they would never set a foot in the temple. The terrified council now consulted the priests, but they all hung down their heads. At last a monk cried out:

"A thought strikes me: The wolf which has so long ravaged the neighborhood of our town was this morning caught alive. This will be a well-merited punishment for the destroyer of our flocks; let him be cast to the Devil in the fiery gulf. 'Tis possible the arch fiend may not relish this morsel; yet, *volens volens*, he must swallow it. You promised him a soul, but whose was not certainly specified."

The monk's plan was plausible, and the senate determined to put the cunning trick in execution. At length the day of consecration arrived, and orders were given to bring the wolf to the principal entrance of the cathedral. So just as soon as the bells began to ring, the trap-door of the cage was pulled open, and the savage beast darted out into the nave of the empty church. Satan, from his lurking place, beheld this consecration offering with the greatest fury. Burning with choler at being thus deceived, he raged like a tempest, and then rushed forth, slamming the brass gate so violently after him, that the two wings split in two.

This crack, which serves to commemorate the priests' victory over the tricks of the Devil, is still exhibited to gaping strangers who visit the cathedral. Proof of the fact is also not wanting, for the

brazen figure of the wolf may be still seen over the principal door, with the Devil carrying off its poor eternally lost soul

MISS E. T. DISOSWAY.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW days only passed away after the bestowal of his tender blessing upon his exiled daughter, when the aged M. Basèrat died in full hope of eternal joy. But although his widow still survived, the blow which had stricken down her husband unto death had fallen with more direful sequence on her own life, paralyzing the remnant of a will once so firm, a mind so active and penetrating.

Physical strength had been granted to her until the very last, to tend and care for the venerable man, giving him pleasant and gentle diversion from a disease that was always full of weakness and suffering. With a strong determination that refused to yield, she forced her strength to prove adequate for the emergency—for the task of which she instinctively had computed the duration.

When friends had followed the poor, wasted body of her husband to a corner of the little garden plat, far removed from all the consecrated cemeteries glowing in their white and beautifully cut marble, and which were forbidden to the Reformed; when her son and her young grandchildren, aided by the servants of the household, had interred the good old man and pronounced over his modest tomb the prayers that no dissenting clergyman was now permitted to use in any part of France, the courage and bodily health of the pious widow suddenly gave way. She lay down on her bed in utter weariness, and never rose from it again. The faithful daughter, Jean Basèrat's wife, recommenced by the newly bedridden parent

the work of patient watching by night and day, which she had so long performed near the side of her father-in-law.

And now the tidings were bruited around the domestic circles of the Basèrats, brought by the city news-carriers, that Catharine Basèrat had died at the convent of New Catholics without the presence of her heretical parents, who could not be allowed to defile those sacred precincts even for a last adieu to their beloved child.

The news fell meaningless on the dull ear of the once loving grandmother. No sound of earth, whether a pæan of joy or dirge for the dead, was able now to make her smile or weep.

She still breathed. She might live long, if such a state can be called *life*. But she belonged no longer to things present, and the gentle smile that now and then trembled on her lips seemed to be born of some influence from an invisible world. The blow fell with more grievous weight upon the refugees in Holland. Each newly severed tie from those she loved lacerated the devoted heart of Suzanne Basèrat. She wrote without delay to her surviving niece Marion, who still remained a devotee among her Catholic confessors and sister recluses; but the iron bars of convent cells presented serious obstacles to any outpouring from her affectionate nature. She addressed a letter also to her brother Jean, in which she thus refers to the bereavement:

"I had not seen my niece since her infancy—never since the day both chil-

dren were forcibly torn from the arms of their parents—but we always kept up a little fond correspondence, and used mutually to lament the hard fate of old maids. We received yours of the 28th of the month just past, wherein you told us that my niece was not in her usual health; but the close of your letter—the brief postscript—indicated some alarm, as we all felt. However, as every one loves to flatter one's self that all is going on well, we said to each other, 'Perhaps it is not so bad as we feared, and, being still comparatively young, she may yet recover, or, at least, her sickness will undoubtedly be a lingering one, as it often happens with such ailments as hers.' We find, however, by your letter of the 2d October, that her death was very sudden, and neither of us can have the consolation of knowing whether she retained her consciousness to the last. This is just the way it proved with my poor brother twelve years ago—a little gradual decay, and then life and light were in a moment extinguished.

"We are both very much afflicted, and this does *me* no good, I can assure you. Our dear niece had not the pleasure of receiving the gift I had just sent her by Paysan. I believe she is happy, for her faith was fervid and entire in the religion to which she was educated, and she always showed a very pious disposition, as I have heard. Has she been interred at the convent or in a church-yard? Without doubt you were not present at the burial.

SUZANNE."

While her family and friends in France were being thus diminished in numbers, and the objects of her dearest remembrances going, one after another, to await her coming in celestial mansions, the health of Aunt Suzanne had become visibly changed.

Martha suffered no disquietude on account of her aunt, for she was yet quite young and entirely without experience as to disease.

"It is merely a cold that my aunt has contracted," she answered to all inquiries of friends; or, "My dear aunt can not

go out in the Winter, but she goes about the house as usual, and occupies herself with every thing in it just as heretofore."

Madeline's days and weeks were filled with active duties. Busied about her household work, aiding her husband in his mercantile complications, directing a large number of servants and clerks, and watching over those charities which were distributed by M. Pâris among the poor refugees, she did not often allow herself the recreation of visiting her sister and niece at their pretty Rose Bower, or "House of Flowers," as it was often designated.

She loved her elder sister truly and well, and her respect for Suzanne was unlimited, for she felt that the latter's vigorous will and decided mind had formerly always proved a guide to her more uncertain judgment. But she had never ceased to entertain a secret trouble as to the state of her sister's soul, without, however, ever daring to open her mind to any one about this doubt. "My sister depends so much on herself, and trusts, I fear, to her own virtues, which certainly are very great," she often moaned to herself; "but these will not suffice to open the gates of heaven for her to enter."

Suzanne Basêrat possessed, indeed, a character most reserved as it regarded the profoundest sentiments of her heart. She had so compressed within herself whatever of religious sentiment burned within her soul, that her thoughts seemed consecrated emblems, shrined in an inner temple, to which neither Madeline nor any other could have access, that it was no marvel the sister had no suspicion of the advance made by Suzanne within a few months in knowledge of herself and the humility with which she received every fresh ray of light from her Divine Master and spiritual teacher.

They went together one Sunday to church—Suzanne and her young niece. The morning was bright and weather fine, and Martha had expressed a feeling of surprise as her aunt, early in the day, declared her resolve to be present at the services in the temple.

"I have already ordered a carriage," said she to Martha, "and we will astonish Aunt Madeleine."

Madame Pâris joined them after service, leaving her husband and children to return home on foot. As they left the church Mademoiselle Basèrat leaned back wearily in the carriage, yet a sweet, placid smile rested on her usually grave lips, while she murmured as if to herself:

"He has spoken true words, although he is not our old pastor. Yes; Jesus Christ is all in all! God be praised! Now, O Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word!"

Martha, seated in front of her aunt, was yet unable to catch these pious ejaculations, as the heavy carriage rumbled noisily over the paved streets; but she saw her lips move, and being not unaccustomed to the familiar conversations that the aunt sometimes held with herself, she made no effort to hear.

Madeleine leaned over toward her sister to catch, if possible, the words, and a deep joy filled her soul as she comprehended their devout spirit of trust and praise. She laid her hand gently on that of Mademoiselle Basèrat. The slight, affectionate pressure from a sister's hand startled Suzanne as if she had been rudely awakened from a happy dream, and then she said with her usual quiet tone:

"We must be near home, and I shall be glad to reach it, for I am very weary. What news from William? Will he return here soon?"

Madame Pâris shook her head.

"He likes England," she replied, "and young as he is, he is making his way there. M. de Bostaquet has transferred him to a newly formed regiment, under command of M. de Ruigny. He says there will now be more chance for promotion, this nobleman being in great favor with the king, and justly, since he has already rendered William of Orange excellent service."

"William writes that it was cause of surprise to all the friends of this officer that he volunteered to enter the army

again, as he had for so long a period indulged in a very retired life, devoting himself to the Christian duty of bringing good to the exiles scattered about the kingdom, and to benefit his fellow-men generally. It is confidently believed that he is destined to replace M. de Callemont, his brother, who was slain in warfare for the king."

"If William of Orange comes back to his old dominions here, he may perhaps bring a detachment of this regiment, as he did, last year, that of M. de Luvigny, and we shall then have a chance to see your son," replied Suzanne.

Madeleine smiled, and cast a glance at Martha; but the young girl neither blushed nor exhibited other sign of agitation. Long absence had nearly effaced from her mind the light impression which her cousin had left upon it at the first. She had outgrown her childhood, had become possessed of serious thought, and when her reveries wandered away from the "house of flowers," they oftener flew on light wing to the French city of Caen,—to the unknown family group which kept watch over her brother Pitre,—than to the colder land of England, where tarried the army canopied by tents of Huguenot soldiers. Pitre also became a source of perplexity to his sister. He wrote seldom, and then gave few details of his business engagements. In one of her letters, she asked with earnest warmth:

"My brother, how is it now with your partnership?" This was subsequent to a decision on Pitre's side to enter, if possible, the commercial and banking house of his uncle, Jean Basèrat. "Are your warehouses finished, and what new negotiations have you entered into abroad? You tell me nothing; and when you write, the letters are so very, very brief! You apparently believe that we are quite indifferent to all that concerns you. Yet it is not so. We are always anxious to know every thing that relates to you, and occupies your time. I hope you will give me the great pleasure of hearing it.

"If the Holland captain who conveys

this letter to you, is favored with as good a wind as you had six years ago, he will soon be with you. Yes, my dear friend, how quickly time passes! It was six years last Saturday since I went down to the vessel with you, and followed it with weeping eyes until it sailed too far out at sea for any longer sight.

"How many things have happened since that lonesome day! And now, my dear brother, farewell. The captain takes a loaf of gingerbread and a bottle of anise-seed cordial to you. He has in charge, also, a little horse, that my dear aunt sends to my Uncle Jean's youngest boy, to which I have added a little wagon, with which he can amuse himself in the old garden, that I would like so much to see.

MARTHA."

Pitre Basèrat had not entered empty-handed into the business-house of his family. On leaving Holland, his Aunt Suzanne gave him a small sum of money saved from the heritage of his father, which, at its best, was but a slender income, even while that father yet lived,—for the lawyer had been obliged to maintain a plain establishment in Holland after the confiscation of his property in Caen. But Marian Basèrat, imprisoned as she was in her sacred convent of the New Catholics, learned of the project of copartnership between her relatives, and had sent for her agent of finance to consult upon her own plans.

"I desire to donate a portion of the estate left by my deceased father to my brother Pitre," she said, decisively.

The notary made protest against it.

"You can not do this, mademoiselle, since M. Pitre still remains unchanged in his heresy!"

The cheek of Marian flushed at a reply so full of a bigoted creed. Then she rose with a certain degree of hauteur, and said:

"You are speaking of the religion of my father and my brother."

"It would not have prevented you to have given him, as you know, the goods confiscated when your father passed into Holland; they are confiscated only in regard to his son. Do you not know,

mademoiselle, that by a strict ordinance of the king, the refugees of the so-called reformed congregations living in Holland can not be inheritors of any property belonging to their nearest relations who may happen to die in France?"

Marian Basèrat resumed her seat, but continued restless and disturbed.

"I am not a good enough Catholic to believe such a decree to be just, honest, or honorable," she said, in a subdued voice.

The counselor smiled, as if amused at her blunt confession.

"It is well, my dear mam'selle, that you spoke of this matter to myself and not another," answered he. "The assertion might have brought serious trouble to you. But a lawyer is like a father confessor, and pledged to secrecy where his client is concerned."

Marian regarded him with a fixed purpose, in her clear violet eyes.

"Sell the estate of Fontenay, Monsieur Notary," said she, in a resolute tone, "and when you receive the money of vendue, transmit the same to my brother, Pitre Basèrat, as a gift from his sister Marie. I know you to be an honest man, and I shall be content if you give me a simple receipt."

The notary still hesitated.

"Are you aware that the property is valued at twenty thousand livres?" he questioned.

"I know it," answered the recluse, with great tranquillity of voice and manner. "You, yourself, are not ignorant of my full comprehension of my worldly affairs, although reared in this convent, which I have never left, even for a day, since my babyhood. What I am now bestowing is the rightful share Pitre has in the inheritance belonging to my father,—and I desire to have it thus," she added.

"An acknowledgment from your brother, with my name affixed, might cast me into prison!" persisted the man of law.

"Do not vex yourself with any such suspicion. I will take care that the paper

is burned. But do not delay,—hasten to complete the transfer, as I know my brother has present need of money."

The barrister went out from the convent walls in trouble and perplexity; but knowing mademoiselle so well, he felt assured further contest would be unavailing. He must obey her behest at whatever risk.

Pitre Basèrat, about this time, received a letter from his elder sister, of which the following is the sum:

"*My Dear Brother*,—You could not, I am sure, enter into any commercial partnership without money. For this emergency I have, therefore, provided, by transferring to you a portion of the estate inherited from our father, Michel Basèrat. A gentleman will remit to you, within a few days, say two or three, an order on my banker for twenty thousand livres, which you may consider a trust fund for my benefit as well as your own, which will increase and prosper, I hope, in your hands.

"Your sister in love,

"MARIE ANNE B"

The young man wrote a joyful letter of good news to Holland, on receipt of his sister's generous benefaction, and Aunt Suzanne, as she read the glad tidings, folded her hands across her lap with an air of supreme satisfaction. After a while, she said, with an earnest look at her niece.

"Good blood, my dear, will never lie! It always tells. I do not care what lessons the Papists may teach, they can not turn away a true Basèrat from the path of right-doing. Pitre is now in a fine position, and his father, if he looks down from his place on high, ought to be well content. But now it is time that I rest a while," added she, in a voice so low and feeble that Martha failed to hear her.

The girl sat absorbed in a fresh reading of her brother's letter, which closed with these words:

"If all goes well, our cousin Klaus expects to visit you in the Spring. He foresees an opportunity to extend our business negotiations in connection with our

uncle Pâris, and it will give him pleasure to make your acquaintance at the same time."

Martha refolded the letter, saying to herself, "Why does not Pitre come himself? He must understand the ways of commerce as well as Klaus."

Jean Basèrat, however, was not of the same mind as his niece. The experience of Pitre was not sufficient for such responsible trust, however great his mercantile ability might be,—at least so argued the master-head of the firm. Pitre still continued in his office of Interpreter-General for the Admiralty of Caen, and often performed the duties of this bureau as well. But the father preserved, and with justice, the full confidence he had always experienced in the prudence and capacity of his son Claus. The boy had scarcely completed his fifteenth year when, alone and almost unaided, he stood at the head of the auxiliary branch of business at Havre during the temporary absence of the chief superintendent or director of the whole. He had at that time given full satisfaction to the various correspondents of the house; had not failed in any orders to clerks, and his replies to persons engaged in the complications of maritime commerce who presented themselves at the counting-room, were considered marvels of good judgment in so young a lad.

The grateful father, on his return, presented the boy clerk a watch of exquisite workmanship, valued at a hundred crowns. And thus it happened that Claus was the one delegated to take the journey to Rotterdam. Alas! too late for the pleasant Aunt Suzanne to greet the child in whom she had been so interested since his very birth, and yet having never seen his face.

She had been quite ill for a fortnight,—not in danger, as the doctor assured Martha, although each visit of Madame Pâris to the invalid's apartment, which Martha never left by day or night, evidenced to Madeleine a probably fatal result. There seemed to her affectionate heart something ominous in the grave, almost sol-

mn atmosphere that pervaded the sick room, while the serene expression of Suzanne herself told of the silent preparation she herself was making for the great change.

As Madeleine returned home from one of these interviews, she threw herself in her husband's arms, weeping, sobbing out the words, "Suzanne, dear Suzanne, is going to die. I am sure of it!"

When M. Pâris inquired if the sister appeared materially worse, Madeleine replied:

"No; but as one sits in that upper chamber by Suzanne's bedside, one feels to be in a solemn, holy sanctuary. We can only speak reverently and low there, for the great Lord and death and judgment seem present,—all three. When M. Lemoine comes in he is always tempted to listen, instead of speaking himself, as he told me one day on leaving the room together. But Suzanne just clasps her hands in such a devout way, and then she waits for the pastor's words with the gentleness of a little child. I never could have believed that I should witness such humility, such patient submission, in one so accustomed to lead and rule us all."

"God is a great Master, and death a solemn counselor," answered M. Pâris, while two large tears glittered on his eyelashes. His reveries were sad. With Suzanne Basêrat would vanish all that remained of his own immediate generation among the emigrant families. His beloved Gillome, the barrister Michel Basêrat and wife, the faithful Phillis,—all slept in the quiet rest of death within the pretty cemetery around the Wallonne church. When Suzanne should join these already gone before, Madeleine and he would be alone in the midst of children who knew nothing of the lost country, the aged parents, the antiquated dwellings where so many generations, in peaceful prosperity, had been born and grown old,—where all the years of more than a century had glided away in active labor, followed by sweet repose, until that day when a hard despotism sought to bind

their free consciences to a creed which they could not accept.

His descendants might indeed make to themselves a permanent home in the Provinces which had so generously received and protected them, but the elder ones of M. Pâris's family must ever remain French Normans at heart, and therefore exiles and strangers.

On the last sad, sorrowful night, Martha lay sleeping on the small cot placed by the side of Aunt Suzanne's bed. The girl had finally succumbed to her faithful watch of many months, and, overcome by weariness, slumbered heavily. During the hours of daylight Madame Pâris shared the watch and nursing care, but she always returned home at nightfall, and then Martha would permit no one but herself to remain with the much-loved invalid.

On this night, then, she had but just fallen asleep when she heard, or fancied that she heard, her name called. Starting up, the voice of her aunt now feebly moaned out, "Martha," and with a single bound the young girl stood by the bedside of Suzanne. The eyes of Mademoiselle Basêrat sparkled with a strange light; her whole frame appeared agitated, and although the hand she stretched out to her niece trembled in its nerves, she yet grasped the arm of Martha with a wondrously nervous force.

"Martha," exclaimed she, "dost thou know all that we have suffered in holding fast by our faith?"

Lost in astonishment, bewildered by the unexpected question, Martha knew not what to reply. As the maiden glanced upward in a perplexed way, Suzanne Basêrat resumed her excited appeal.

"We forsook every thing,—relatives, friends, country. Thy father lost all his fortune; my father died without ever again seeing his exiled children; and I shall go down into the tomb before my aged mother. But I left more than all these, Martha. For conscience' sake I renounced the man I loved, and who, I believe, loved me truly and well. He proved recreant to the reformed faith,

and was a traitor to his God and his own honor. He would even have dragged me down also in his wretched fall. Promise me, my daughter, never to return to France. Promise me to abide here in this place of our pilgrimage. I shall then go away more assured of thy unchanging faith; more certain of seeing thee again."

Martha hesitated. France held out strong attractions to the young girl. There was her dearly beloved and only brother, and she had often dreamed of one day joining him in Caen. She longed to be an inmate of her unknown aunt's, Madame Basèrat's, family, where she might be at once companion and helper. As she failed to reply the dying woman fastened her brilliant eyes upon the girl, and in a quick, excited manner, exclaimed:

"Swear to me, child, swear for the sake of that which I have been to you,—even as a fond mother. Oh, I can not, *must* not, see you among the lost!"

Martha knelt down, thoroughly vanquished.

"I swear to you, dear aunt, she said, in a low voice, "all shall be as you desire."

Mademoiselle Basèrat sank back on the pillow, and clasped her thin hands across her breast with an air of restful content. She well knew the value of Martha's promise. It would never be broken.

"Now can I die in perfect peace," whispered the fainting invalid. This last effort, accompanied as it was by undue agitation, had exhausted the little remaining strength of Suzanne, which, failing more and more each hour, the released spirit, just at day dawn, drifted away to an eternal shore.

Three days after this event, the young Claus Basèrat arrived at the pier of Rotterdam, in season to join his Uncle Pâris and Cousin Michel in the small procession that followed his unknown aunt to her quiet grave. The three were first in this modest retinue of friends, walking nearest the coffined body, as of right chief mourners for the dead should always do.

MADAME DE WITT.

MACAULAY.*

TO a really eminent name titles add no luster. In the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, near the tombs of Johnson, Garrick, Handel, Gay, Goldsmith, and Addison, lies a stone, inscribed, "Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay." The empty honor came late; within two years and five months of the death of the man it sought to ennoble; came when he commanded world-wide applause and homage; came after his powers were gone, when he could no

longer render any service to his country, or even attend the deliberations of the august House in which it entitled him to a seat. Barren indeed in this instance was the title "baron." It died with its receiver; the bachelor statesman left no one to inherit it; it is not needed by way of special designation, for, up to the present time, whatever may be the case in the future, the world knows only one "Macaulay," and that Macaulay is one of the men of the century. It is too early yet to say whether he shall belong also to the centuries.

The boy, "Tom," son of Zachary, the Scotch, West Indian, and Sierra Leone abolitionist, friend of Henry Thornton,

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan, Member of Parliament for Hawick, District of Burghs. In two volumes. New York, Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square. 1876.

Granville Sharpe, and Wilberforce, and of the Quakeress, Selina Mills, born October 25th, 1800, was, like Mendelssohn and Mozart, a prodigy from his birth. From the time he was three years old he read incessantly, and used to sit, his biographer says, perched on the table by the parlor maid, expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but, when taking his walk, would hold forth to his nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had read, in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book he had been last reading; he talked in "printed words" in a way that seemed to hearers both wonderful and droll. He is described as a "fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair," "a bright boy, dressed in green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trousers," with "quaint manners," but no "affectation or deceit." "A more simple and natural child, or a more lively and merry one never lived." "While still the merest child, he was sent to a day school, and as young Beethoven had to be driven to the piano, so the child Macaulay had to be driven to school."

In 1808, his mother writes: "My dear Tom continues to show marks of uncommon genius. He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of his reading and knowledge is astonishing in a boy not yet eight years old. He is at the same time as playful as a kitten." At this age he wrote a *Compendium of Universal History* from the creation to the present time, filling about a quire of paper. Fired by Scott's "Lay" and "Marmion," he undertook a poem of his own in six cantos, and wrote about half of it in a couple of days. "He has composed," says his mother, "I know not how many hymns. I send you one as a specimen in his own handwriting, which he wrote six months ago, one Monday morning, while we were at breakfast." Hannah More, an intimate friend of the family, pronounced his

hymns "quite extraordinary for such a baby." His biographer says: "It is worthy of note that the voluminous writings of his childhood, dashed of at headlong speed, in the odds and ends of leisure from school study and nursery routine, are not only perfectly correct in spelling and grammar, but display the same lucidity of meaning and scrupulous accuracy in punctuation and the other minor details of the literary art which characterize his mature works." When he was six years old, Hannah More encouraged him by advice and money to commence what eventually became "one of the most readable libraries" in the kingdom. From time to time she continued her gifts, and guided his selection of books.

At twelve years of age the remarkable boy was placed in a private school, kept by Rev. Mr. Preston, in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge, and strongly under the influence of that celebrated university. Little Macaulay was petted by Dean Milner, President of Queen's College, then at the very summit of his celebrity. In a letter written when he was fourteen his father quietly criticises "the loudness and vehemence" of the son's tones. In his answer the boy defends himself; but the biographer says, "many years were to elapse before the son ceased to talk loudly and with confidence." "The secret of his immense acquirements lay in two invaluable gifts of nature,—an unerring memory and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a printed page." Many are the incidents scattered through these two volumes of biography of his wonderful feats of memory. He was accustomed to say that if "Paradise Lost" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from recollection. When he was thirteen, while waiting for a chaise at a hotel, he picked up a country newspaper, looked once through a trumpery parody on a Welsh ballad, and never gave it a thought for forty years, when he repeated it without missing a single word. At one

period of his life he "knew the locality and the stock in trade of every book-stall in London." Lord Carlisle's Journal says, "the greatest marvel about him is the quantity of trash he remembers." At a dinner party, he "went off at score with Lord Thurlow's poetry." "On being challenged, he repeated the names of the owners of the several carriages that went to Clarissa's funeral." This was at a breakfast in 1850. "One day in the board-room of the British Museum" he wrote off "a full list of the senior wranglers at Cambridge, with their dates and colleges for a hundred years." On another occasion, Sir David Dundas asked, "Macaulay, do you know your popes?" "No," he replied; "I always get wrong among the Innocents." "But can you say your archbishops of Canterbury?" "Any fool," said Macaulay, "could say his archbishops of Canterbury backward," and off he went at once, until Sir David stopped him at "Cranmer." "He was proud of his good memory, and had little sympathy with people who affected to have a bad one." In 1849, in crossing over to Ireland by night, he says, "I put on my great coat and sat on deck during the whole voyage. As I could not read, I used an excellent substitute. I went through 'Paradise Lost,' in my head. I had got to the end of the conversation between Raphael and Adam, when I saw the lights in Dublin bay." In 1855, he says, "my memory I often try, and find it as good as ever, and memory is the faculty that gives way first." Though he detested mathematics, he took pleasure in "carrying on long arithmetical operations" in his head. When Secretary of War, he "went through his pecuniary statements without book," except pence and farthings. In October, 1857, two years before his death, he was still exercising his memory. "I walked the portico," he writes, "and learned by heart the noble fourth act of the 'Merchant of Venice.' There are four hundred lines, of which I knew a hundred and fifty. I made myself perfect master of the whole, the prose letter included, in two hours."

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After he was made a lord, he took to studying the peerage, and "could soon repeat, off book, the entire roll of the House of Lords," and a few days after writes, "more exercise for my memory,—second titles." From this he turned to the Cambridge and Oxford calendars, and soon had "the whole University by heart; all, I mean, that is worth remembering. An idle thing, but I wished to try whether my memory is as strong as it used to be, and I perceive no decay."

In connection with these prodigious powers of memory, Macaulay was a rapid and omnivorous reader. From earliest childhood to his last hours he was never without a book. His nephew says, "Macaulay's extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight remained the same through life. To the end, he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as any one else could turn the leaves, and this speed was not obtained at the expense of accuracy."

At eighteen, Macaulay became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. "From the door of his rooms, along the wall of the chapel, was a flagged pathway. There, as bachelor of arts, he would walk, book in hand, morning after morning throughout the long vacation, reading with the same eagerness and the same rapidity, whether the volume was the most abstruse of treatises, the loftiest of poems, or the flimsiest of novels." This reading habit continued to the last. He read in bed, he read in his library, he read holding a book in his hand when threading his way along the busiest streets of London, the commercial metropolis of the world; he read in Church when the sermon was dull or stupid, an epistle of Paul, on which he would comment like a divine in his private diary. In 1834 he went to India. "During the whole voyage," he says, "I read with keen and increasing enjoyment. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English; folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos." "I read insatiably." On the voyage from Madras to

Calcutta he amused himself with learning Portuguese, and his first business, on entering any new country, was to make himself acquainted with the literature of that country. In 1834, he wrote, "If I had at this moment my choice of life, I would bury myself in one of those immense libraries that we saw together at the universities, and never pass a waking hour without a book before me." Again, he says, "I read much [in Calcutta], particularly Greek." "I have read, during the past fortnight, before breakfast, three books of Herodotus, and four plays of Æschylus." "I have gone back to Greek literature with a passion quite astonishing to myself." "I was enraptured with Italian during the six months which I gave up to it; and I was little less pleased with Spanish."

In 1835 he casts up his reading account as follows: "During the last thirteen months, I have read Æschylus twice; Sophocles twice; Euripides once; Pindar twice; Callimachus, Apollonius Rhodius, Quintus Calaber, Theocritus twice; Herodotus, Thucydides; almost all Xenophon's works; almost all Plato; Aristotle's 'Politics,' and a good deal of his 'Organum;' the whole of Plutarch's 'Lives;' almost half of Lucian; two or three books of Athenæus; Plautus twice; Terence twice; Lucretius twice; Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucan, Statius, Silius Italicus, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Sallust, Cæsar, and Cicero. I am now deep in Aristophanes and Lucian."

His biographer comments thus: "That the enormous list of classical works recorded in the foregoing letter" (written from Calcutta in December, 1835) "was not only read through, but read with care, is proved by the pencil-marks—single, double, and treble—which meander down the margin, and by the remarks—literary, historical, and grammatical—with which the writer has interspersed every volume, and sometimes every page."

In 1836 he says: "After finishing Cicero I read through the works of both the Senecas—father and son." "I have

read, as one does read such stuff, Valerius Maximus, Annæus Florus, Lucius Ampelius, and Aurelius Victor. I have gone through Phædrus. I am now better employed. I am deep in the 'Annals' of Tacitus, and I am at the same time reading Suetonius." "I am slowly, and at odd minutes, getting through the stupid trash of Diodorus." "I have read Pliny the younger. I read in the evenings a good deal of English, French, Italian, and a little Spanish." "I have picked up Portuguese enough to read Camoens with care, and I want no more." "I am determined to employ the four months of my homeward voyage in mastering the German language." "My way of learning a language is always to begin with the Bible, which I can read without a dictionary. After a few days I am master of all the common particles, the common rules of syntax, and a pretty large vocabulary. Then I fall on some good classical work. It was in this way that I learned both Spanish and Portuguese, and I shall try the same course with German." "People tell me that it is a hard language; but I can not verily believe that there is a language which I can not master in four months by working two hours a day."

In the books he read Macaulay jotted down the events of the day, and his biographer says: "The records of his Calcutta life, written in half a dozen different languages, are scattered through the whole range of classical literature, from Hesiod to Macrobius."

But this omnivorous reader, whom Sidney Smith called "a book in breeches," was not a mere reader, he was a severe and discriminating critic as well; and Mr. Trevelyan has given, in the Appendix to the first volume of his charming biography, eight pages of extracts from the criticisms penciled by Macaulay on the margins of his favorite books.

Thirty odd years ago, when we, in common with the American public, were delighted with the republication, in book form, of his essays,—the celebrated articles contributed mainly during the pre-

ceding twenty years to the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*,—we remember that our feeling about Macaulay was that he must be a literary recluse. We could by no means associate such memory, such imagination, such poetic invention, such wealth of allusion, quotation, and illustration, with busy life; and yet, Macaulay was a politician, a member of Parliament, a stump orator, a speaking member of the House of Commons, a Cabinet Minister, no less, at one time, than Secretary of War, member of the Supreme Council of India, and engaged, during his two or three years' sojourn in that "baking and broiling climate" in getting up an elaborate legal code for the government of the country.

In this brief sketch, drawn from Trevelyan's two volumes, we can scarcely outline for readers any one of the states of life in which Macaulay excelled. He was a poet, an essayist, an historian, an orator, a brilliant conversationist, a voluminous correspondent, an illimitable reader, a magistrate, a public servant, a high official, and great in every department. The outlines of his life have been before the public in Cyclopædias, Dictionaries of Biography, and prefaces to his published works, for many years; but the rich stores on which his nephew has drawn have never before been unveiled to the public. Full and satisfying as these volumes are, we lay them down after perusal with the feeling that they are only a small part of the material which might have been embodied from the diary and correspondence of their illustrious subject. Every college boy has read Macaulay's *Essays and Speeches*, and every library possesses his *History of England*. We are interested in the biography to learn the inception of his writings, to trace them to their completion, to know the author's opinion of his own efforts, to accompany him in his herculean labors from the commencement of his task to its completion, to witness his rise from comparative poverty to affluence, from obscurity to fame, from the station of a private citizen to rank with the peers of the land.

Those marvelous essays that surprised and delighted the last generation, that floated the *Edinburgh Review* for twenty years, that reversed the opinions of the past and molded the thought of the future, that placed in one grand picture-gallery vivid likenesses of the great men of the earlier and later ages, how were they regarded by their author? As rills trickling from a full fountain! As hasty sketches, dashed off to entertain a leisure moment and never to be looked at a second time! The capacious mind and unlimited resources of Macaulay appear to be as far outside of his essays as the thoughts and style of his essays are outside of the mind and resources of common readers!

And his *History*! Who can forget the fascination of its first perusal? In 1841 he writes, "I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies." Did he succeed? The publication of his "*Lays of Ancient Rome*," in 1842, and that of his "*Essays*," in 1844, prepared the way for the *History*. "By June, 1875, upward of a hundred thousand copies of the '*Lays*' had passed into the hands of readers." Of the "*Essays*," upward of a hundred and twenty thousand copies have been sold in the United Kingdom by a single publisher. They have been printed and reprinted in England, in the United States, and on the Continent. "In their native country the market for them is so steady and so inexhaustible that it rises and falls with the general prosperity of the nation." "The demand for Macaulay varies with the demand for coal." For nearly six years after the collection and publication of the "*Essays*," an expectant public waited with feverish impatience the appearance of the promised "*History*." In November, 1848, the first two volumes appeared, and their success was immediate and assured. He had written a work which the common people could understand, and which, at the same time, commanded the admiration of scholars, defied scorners, and courted

rational criticism. We need not review the "History;" it is in every library, and constitutes no mean proportion of the literature of the enlightened hemispheres. Macaulay's model was Thucydides, his aim was to rival the great Greek whom he regarded as the prince of historians. What was his own estimate of the work? "As compared with excellence," he says, "the work is a failure; compared with similar books, I can not think it so." Just as the book was coming out, he writes in his diary, "Read my book and Thucydides's, which, I am sorry to say, I found much better than mine." "He is the first of historians."

Twenty years before he had crowded his views on history writing into an article for the *Edinburgh Review*. "History begins in novel and ends in essay;" "Facts are the mere dross of history;" "The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature." If the history of England were properly written "we should not have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in 'Old Mortality;' for one-half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'" The romances of Scott and Dickens have not been more popular during the last quarter of a century than Macaulay's "History." No hero of romance ever stood out more distinctly in the imagination of a reader than does William Prince of Orange in the pages of Macaulay.

How different the estimate which the present generation, disciplined by Carlyle and Macaulay, puts upon the Jameses, the Charleses, Milton, Cromwell, Bonaparte, and the English and French Revolutions, from that created and fostered by shoals of lying and caricaturing royalists with Hume at their head! Macaulay goes down to posterity as a great historian as well as a great orator, essayist, and statesman. In 1849, the Messrs. Harper wrote to Macaulay in reference to the sale of his "History" in America. "There are six different editions in mar-

ket." "The sale will soon amount to over two hundred thousand copies." "No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm." "Of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' two thousand two hundred and fifty copies were sold in the first year; of 'Marmion,' two thousand copies in the first month; of Macaulay three thousand copies in ten days, thirteen thousand copies in four months." Like the "Essays," the demand for the "History" rises and falls with the demand for coal. Within a generation a hundred and forty thousand copies were sold in England alone. Everett wrote the author that "no book ever had such sale in the United States except the Bible and a few school-books."

Friends and enemies have photographed Macaulay according to their likes and dislikes, for the admiration or detestation of posterity. Whilst we marvel at his amazing gifts, and rejoice in the guidance of such a master, we are consoled for our deficiencies and littlenesses by finding that Macaulay had his shortcomings and weaknesses, that he was by no means possessed of all the gifts and graces to which human nature is heir. His father, whose mind was "crammed with facts and statistics," used to say despairingly, "If I had only Tom's power of speech!" Zachary Macaulay, who wrote a beautiful hand, and was neat, accurate, calm, passionless, and self-controlled, was wonderfully tried with his loud-voiced, imperious, impetuous boy, "careless of his dress, always forgetting to wash his hands and brush his hair, writing an execrable hand, and folding his letters with a great blotch for a seal;" utterly unable to play at any sort of game with his school-fellows; "utterly destitute of bodily accomplishment; who could neither swim nor row nor ride nor drive nor skate nor shoot." "A short, manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket;" "a massive head, and features of a powerful and rugged cast;" face, when absolutely at rest, "rather homely than handsome;" "badly

dressed, but not cheaply; clothes good, though ill put on; wardrobe always enormously overstocked. Later in life he indulged in an inexhaustible succession of handsome embroidered waistcoats; "was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled;" "in the open air wore perfectly new, dark kid gloves, in the fingers of which he never succeeded in inserting his own fingers more than half-way." The only thing in which he excelled was "threading crowded streets with his eye fixed on a book;" "walking as fast as other people walked, and reading a great deal faster than any body else could read." His defects in youth were "vehemence, overconfidence, and inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question, or two people in a dialogue." In later life he was "forcible and amusing," "loud, but never overbearing," "eloquent and cheerful," "overflowing with words and not poor in thought," "liberal in opinion, but no radical." His friends in college used to say that his leading traits were "generosity and vindictiveness." His enemies accused him of the latter to the end of his days. He was fond of children, and would play with his little nephews and nieces for hours and days, "games of hide and seek, that lasted for hours, shouting, blowing horns up and down stairs," writing verses, capping verses, making puns, and the like. His sister Margaret says he once wagered that he could make two hundred puns in an evening, and did it in two hours. "Tom is much improved," she says, "during the last two or three years. His figure is not so bad for a man of thirty as for a man of twenty-two. He dresses better, and his manners, from seeing a good deal of society, are much improved." *Blackwood's Magazine* was not so blind to his defects as a daily visitor. Its portrait is worthy of Nast,—a little splay-footed, ugly dumpling of a fellow, with a mouth from ear to ear."

As a speaker, "his action, the little that he used, was rather ungainly. His voice was full and loud; but it had not the light and shade, or the modulation

found in practiced speakers. His speeches were most carefully prepared, and were repeated without the loss or omission of a single word;" "he had no notes in his hand, and no manuscript in his pocket;" "he used scarcely any action except to turn round on his heel and lean slightly on the table; but there was nothing like demonstrative or dramatic action. He spoke with great rapidity, little inflection, cadences of small range, great fluency, and very little emphasis." "Vehemence of thought, vehemence of language, vehemence of manner, were his chief characteristics." "He was not long-winded, and had the faculty of compressing a great deal into small space." "Every sentence was perfectly devoured by the listeners."

Yet, "with all his talent, knowledge, eloquence, and worth, he was not popular;" "he suffers severely from the vice of over-talking, and, consequently, of under-listening." But, "whatever fault might be found with his gestures as an orator, his appearance and bearing in conversation were singularly effective. Sitting bolt upright, his hands resting on the arms of his chair, or folded over the handle of his walking-stick, knitting his great eyebrows, his massive features and honest glance suited well with the manly, sagacious sentiments which he set forth in his pleasant, sonorous voice and in his racy and intelligible language." A lady who often met him at the palace, writes, "Mr. Macaulay was very interesting to listen to, quite immeasurably abundant in anecdote and knowledge." His great ambition was to be so lucid that his pages might read as "if they had been spoken off, might flow as easily as table-talk;" "a torrent of words," "a cataract of arguments and illustrations," "that is the description of Macaulay's style when he has warmed into speed."

All his life Macaulay was a laborious and indefatigable worker. In 1838 he wrote, "the day is not long enough for what I want to do in it." On whatever he engaged he concentrated, for the time being, his undivided attention. He could

do but one thing at a time. "There are people," he writes in 1843, when he was setting about the composition of his History, "who can carry on twenty works at a time. Southey would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the *Quarterly Review* in the evening. I am of a different temper. I never write so as to please myself until my subject has driven every other out of my head. When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition."

The pains he took to make his history full, flowing and accurate, were marvelous. Walter Scott threw off his interminable pictures, a chapter or two at a sitting, or before breakfast, with ceaseless trot of his fertile pen, and never looked at them afterward. Not so Macaulay. He first got into his head all the information he could gather about any particular portion of his History, and then he would "sit down and write off the whole story at a headlong pace," "sketching in the outlines," "and securing in black and white each idea, epithet, and turn of phrase, as it flowed from his busy brain to his rapid fingers. His manuscript at this stage, to any eyes but his own, appeared to consist of dashes and flourishes, in which a straight line, with a half-formed letter at each end and another in the middle, did duty for a word." This first rough draft he filled in at the rate of six sides of fool's-cap every morning, written in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures, that the whole six pages were, on an average, compressed into two pages of print."

"This he called his 'task,' and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily. More he seldom sought to accomplish, for he had learned by experience that this was as much as he could do at his best; and, except when at his best, he would never work at all." "He never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it." "He spent nineteen working days over

thirty pages, and ended by humbly acknowledging that the result was not to his mind."

He was as neat, careful, and punctilious about his book when it was passing through the press, as he was careless about his dress and person. "He could not rest till the lines were level to a hair's breadth, and the punctuation correct to a comma; until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water." He had his reward. "The historian of the Revolution will be remembered when the statesman is forgotten."

After the publication of the first two volumes he writes: "I have now made up my mind to change my plan about my History. I will first set myself to know the whole subject; to get, by reading and traveling, a full acquaintance with William's reign. I reckon it will take me eighteen months to do this. I must visit Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland, and France. I must turn over hundreds and thousands of pamphlets." "Libraries, papers, and British Museum must be explored, notes made, and then I shall go to work. When the materials are ready, and the History mapped out in my mind, I ought easily to write, on an average, two of my pages daily. In two years from the time I begin writing I shall have finished the second part." "This programme was faithfully carried out." He visited the sites of remarkable events, studied their topography, gathered the local traditions, sifted the false from the true, reduced the marvelous to the real, and, in the end, embodied the whole in glowing story.

In July, 1852, Macaulay's health gave way. The most robust must, in time, succumb to the wear of labor or the incurring of disease and decay. The next seven years were years of gradual decline. In March, 1853, he writes: "Last July was a crisis in my life. I became twenty years older in a week. A mile is more to me now than ten miles a year ago." In December of the same year he writes: "I enjoy this invalid life

extremely. In spite of my gradually sinking health, this has been a happy year. My strength is failing; my life, I think, will not be long." "I feel that the fund of life is nearly spent."

On the 21st of November, 1855, he writes: "I looked over and sent off the last twenty pages of the second part of my History. My work is done, thank God!"

We can not enumerate the honors that flowed in upon Macaulay from every quarter. We can not describe the modes in which he amused himself and gratified others, in the concluding years of his life. The Biography is full of interesting incidents that it would please us to quote, but we must have done. We can hardly find sufficient capacity for the cream of the volumes in a brief article like this. His criticisms, though often prejudiced, doubtless are suggestive, and, to minds of less caliber and less opportunity, valuable. He could not endure toadyism,—one of the sins of our countrymen,—which he takes every occasion to rebuke. He castigates Mrs. Stowe, and calls "'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a powerful and disagreeable book, too dark and Spagnolletto-like for my taste, considered as a work of art, but, on the whole, the most valuable addition America has made to English literature."

Doctor Punshon, in his lecture on Macaulay, bewails his negativism in religion. It is difficult to account for unless we find it in a natural reaction from the stern Puritan and Quaker principles and practices in which he was educated in the home of his father. Sunday was irksome to him in his school-days, and in adult life he appears to have gone seldom to church, and when he does go,

there is no end of instances in the books in which he criticises the preachers as dull, stupid, insufferable. We shall not quote. When he was up for Parliament a Methodist elector inquired after the "religious creed" of the candidate. Macaulay's answer was, "Gentlemen, I am a Christian."

English historians have not been famed for positive piety. Hume and Gibbon were open skeptics. Robertson, though a clergyman, was negative, and so was Macaulay, with a spicing of hostility to the clergy, whom he contrives to hit off on every available occasion. He lived in the past, in an ideal world,—a world that was as much pagan as Christian. London was Rome, and Paris Athens, and the moving crowds on the banks of the Thames and Seine were fellows with the crowds that thronged the banks of the Tiber and climbed the Areopagus thousands of years ago. He lived calmly and died calmly, and left no utterance touching any expected immortality.

On the 28th of December, 1859, he sat in his library with the uncut first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* lying before him. He mustered strength to sign his name to an order to give a poor curate twenty-five pounds, "told his butler he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa. He rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe; died as he had always wished to die, without pain, without formal farewell, preceding to the grave all whom he loved, and leaving behind him a great and honorable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences."

E. WENTWORTH.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A MIGHTY Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside the bench,
And pallid student with his written roll,
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The floods sweep over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tonged orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows

To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. A while they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls: two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.

Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled, and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods;
Foundations of old cities, and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond and sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,

Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The Flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Farther on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low, and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, nearer and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages, and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course

Of that fair river broadening like a sea,
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
 They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
 In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
 Again are folded round the child she loved
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
 Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
 That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
 Or broke are healed forever. In the room
 Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie
 Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
 That waits on growth and action shall proceed
 With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

—*Scribner's Monthly for August.*

THE INDWELLING TRINITY.

IN the prayer of St. Paul (Ephesians iii, 14-21), we enter the holiest of the temple-epistle. The apostle has elsewhere shown us that in the outer court Jews and Gentiles are one, the wall of partition being removed; that the sanctuary also is one with the court of the general assembly, for the altar of the one eternal sacrifice has served its purpose and is gone; that the veil between the sanctuary and the most holy place is also removed, not only rent, but done away; and that the one temple, without any veils and distinctions, is the mystical Church of the living God. Of the perfect worship of this temple he now gives us a model. But he does not introduce it as such. He does not call upon the Ephesians to join in this high exercise. But he throws it into the most simple form of his own intercessory prayer, as if he were himself for the time the high-priest; "I bow my knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . that he would grant you." We must, however, note, without dwelling on, the apostle's personal relation to the prayer. "For this cause" resumes the same words in

verse 1, where the thought was suspended. Because they, the Gentiles, were "also builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit," "an holy temple in the Lord; and because the apostle had this grace given to him, that he "should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ;" and because in him "we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him;" therefore, he, the preacher of this revealed mystery, bowed the knees of his spirit while he wrote and led them, as it were, into the holiest, and thus prayed for them and with them, that, as the spiritual house of God, they might be filled with his triune fullness. If we lose sight of the apostle's person, as he himself soon loses sight of it, the prayer resolves itself into the mediatorial approach and invocation, the Trinitarian blessings besought, and the doxology, which closes all.

The invocation is of "the Father, from whom every race in heaven and earth is named." This is all that the text contains; and it teaches us that our prayer must go up to God as the Father of spirits: the spirits of the heavenly host, and

"the spirits of all flesh" on earth. But it must not be forgotten that the mediatorial access through Jesus is presupposed, as having been mentioned immediately before.

We are struck at once by the simplicity of the name "Father," irresistibly suggesting the analogy of the Lord's Prayer, after the pattern of which this central prayer of the apostle is constructed. We have only a few instances of so simple an invocation. St. Peter indirectly uses it: "If ye call on the Father." Its direct use is found thrice. First, our Lord places it at the head of his teaching concerning prayer. He came from heaven "that he might bring us to God" and teach us to pray: His entire ministry may be defined as a revelation of the way to God. Now, it is observable that his very first instructions bring the Supreme before us as "our Father." By this name he had not been known to the ancients; not even the most favored, not the most beloved, had used that word. It was reserved for the set hour that should disclose the triune mystery: thus the most unsearchable and the most gracious aspects of the divine essence were by one and the same teaching brought near to us. Both are the result of the mediation of the Son. He alone knoweth the Father in the Trinity, he alone bringing back the divine Fatherhood to man. Secondly, our Lord himself makes this invariably the address by which he approaches heaven: praying through his humanity for us men; he has but this one name, thus hallowing it for our use forever. He uses it for himself and for us. The third is this of our text: so striking and so unusual that it was not long permitted to remain in its simplicity. A few words which are implied were added as if of necessity.

The approach through Jesus is as obvious as if it were directly asserted: so obvious as of itself to account for the ancient and venerable interpolation of the words, "our Lord Jesus Christ," "in whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him" (iii. 12):

confident approach and boldness to call him Father. "Through him we both," Jews and Gentiles, "have access by one Spirit unto the Father." (ii. 18.) Our adoption is our union with the Eternal Son made flesh, and its first fruit is that we may call his Father our Father; and this special privilege is always connected with his mediation under this specific aspect: not so much because he is the mediatorial Redeemer in the Atonement, or the mediatorial High-priest in heaven, as because he is the incarnate mediatorial Son. As we are guilty creatures, he is between us and God the Reconciler; as we are separated from God by defilement, he is between Eternal Holiness and us, the High-priest with the blood of cleansing. But as we are children who have wandered, he represents us to the Father in his filial nature united with ours. In this last sense he will be the Mediator forever. "In the Beloved" we shall be children of God throughout eternity. In the present life it is the one ground of our approach: whether expressly recognized or not, always assumed. This great prayer of the apostle's, like our Lord's, makes no direct allusion to our access in Christ.

But while the highest and most precious privileges of Christian prayer is to call upon the Father by the Spirit of adoption in the unity of the incarnate Son, there is a sense in which we share it with other races and families upon whom the fatherly name of God "is named." Although, on the one hand this appeal to heaven is the most limited, of all appeals, on the other hand it is one of the most catholic. The Fatherhood of God is named upon races or families of heaven, of which we as yet know little: not races or families in the human meaning, but rather in that of orders of created intelligences, brought into being individually, so far as we know, each after his kind. These, in multitudes and varieties past all human estimate, call God Father, in virtue of their original birthright; and our restoration to the vast family circle through the mediation of Christ is said in

this Epistle, and that to the Colossians, to be "the reconciliation of things in heaven and things in earth" to God and to each other. We with them shall worship the Father forever, and all through the mediation of the Son: we through his redeeming mediation as that of the Son Incarnate, they through the same Eternal Son, as the first-born before every creature, by whom and in whom "all things were created," the supreme Intermediary between the Three-one essential Being and all created intelligences. Nor, in this catholic invocation, must we omit the tribes and families of earth, all of whom are in a most real and impressive sense the sons of God; not losing that name even in the farthest "far country," though losing its best privileges. The fact that our Lord is the Son of God in humanity must always forbid the thought that any of the children of men are dealt with otherwise than as children. There is a measure of truth in the ancient interpretation implied in the added clause, "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom;" at least so far as earth is concerned. Most certainly the Creator would have had no children on earth, would never have owned such a genealogical tree as that which his name heads in St. Luke, had not Christ entered the race. We know no filial relation that is not of grace through Christ. But such a filial relation can not be denied to the most degraded sinner while probation lasts; when that ceases, and not till then, the Son of God becomes a "son of perdition." His perdition being mainly the loss of the prerogatives of that name.

When we proceed to the petitions themselves, we are at once arrested by the Trinitarian character they assume. The Father is addressed as the sovereign Dispenser of the riches of the glory of his grace, as the Giver of the influences of the Spirit and of the life of the indwelling Son. The Holy Ghost is the strength of the inner man of the regenerate. The Son is their hidden life. And the issue of the individual enjoyment of the special gifts of the individual persons of the

Trinity is the filling of the whole Church unto "all the fulness of God;" that is, the growth of the whole body into its perfection as "the Fulness of him who filleth all in all."

To the Father in the mediatorial Trinity is assigned the sovereign dispensation of the gifts of grace. Here it is not the Son, but the Father, who "in all things" has "the pre-eminence;" the pre-eminence, that is, as the primal Author and Source of what is called the counsel of redemption, "the purpose" or will of the opening words of our Epistle. Of this our Lord himself gave us the plain and sufficient text when he said above, "My Father is greater than I," words which have meaning for us only when they are regarded as combining two truths, seemingly contradictory, but eternally harmonious: an essential equality in the Divine essence, a mediatorial distinction in the economy of redemption. Of all imaginable things, none could be more superfluous than for a creaturely son to say, "My father is greater than I." But nothing was more necessary to future Christian theology than that our Lord should give the original testimony that the subordination of the two Persons to the First, through the incarnation and its issues, was fundamental. This word is the justification of the consistent teaching of the Epistles—not only of occasional passages, but of their entire strain—which makes the Father the Head of the mediatorial Trinity, and of the work of redemption, in which the Trinity is one. God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, as in the beginning of this Epistle, and the Father is also that God who is "the Head of Christ." "Of him are all things," and to him all prayer is supremely directed; "through him are all things;" for the mediatorial economy is his purpose and will accomplished; and "for him are all things," as the "God of glory" in redemption, to whom, therefore, the final doxology is presented. It must be remembered that there is an absolute Trinity behind the mediatorial, and that in the unity of the three-one, both

prayer and praise are offered to the three Persons in the work of human salvation. But in this Epistle we have only the formal mediatorial order of devotion. The Son is only the Mediator of access. By one Spirit we approach, with our praises, "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to one another in psalms;" with our prayers, "praying always in the Spirit."

We must be equally careful in our interpretation of the clauses which introduce and discriminate the threefold procession of the grant which reveals the Holy Trinity in the body of believers. Thrice is the purpose of the prayer expressly mentioned, the purpose, however, being so stated as to be really the object of the petitions also. The first has reference to the individual believer, the second to both the individual and the body, the third pre-eminently to the body alone.

And, first, the Spirit is "His Spirit,"—the Spirit of God the Father, sent from him through the intercession of the Son. Here it is needful to observe that reference is made to an abiding influence of the Spirit on the inner man of the Christian, who has already received that Spirit under two aspects,—as the Spirit of the Son in adoption, and as the earnest of an always future inheritance. The Holy Ghost is once for all given in both these latter senses; it is the believer's privilege, as a believer, to have the abiding access to God, and hope of future salvation. But the continuous and ever-increasing strength of the Holy Ghost is granted by degrees, and the measure of these degrees makes the difference between one Christian and another. As there is a growth into the fullness of God, and a gradual establishment into permanence of the indwelling of Christ, so there is a progression in the inward operation of the Spirit. That progression is very clearly marked in our Epistle. In the first chapter all believers are sealed by the Spirit as the earnest of God's possession and their inheritance; in this prayer the ever-increasing might of the Spirit is presented as a promise, and toward the close we are all exhorted to "be filled with

the Spirit." Here, therefore, we have the correction of three prevalent errors. The gift of the Spirit is the common possession of believers; there is no higher or better dispensation marked by his descent upon those who had believed in Jesus only. That gift admits of a boundless variety of degrees in those who are true believers. It may reach the measure of such a perfection that the whole being shall be filled with his power.

Secondly, it is observable that the prayer is for the Spirit's might into "the inner man," which opens up to us the blessed mystery of the progressive renewal of our own nature through the growth within us of the new man in which Christ dwells. The precision of the New Testament on this subject demands that we make its own distinction here. The inner man, and the new man, and Christ within us, are not definitions of one and the same thing. The inner man is the true personality for which neither science nor religion has any other name: the interior man in the sphere of his moral conscience or consciousness,—*"the hidden man of the heart,"* whose heart, however, or conscience, may be darkened almost to a total exclusion of the light of divine things from the nature. When that inner man is reached by the energy of the Divine Spirit, and the influences of convincing grace deepen into regeneration, the inner man becomes the "new man," as distinguished from a former state. This work is the prerogative of the Holy Ghost, who, however, forms the image of Christ in the soul, and so intimately unites it to the Lord, that his indwelling is "Christ in us." But it must be remembered that this third term is generally reserved, as in this prayer, for the high privilege of the growing believer. Christ, indeed, is in every Christian, unless he "be reprobate," but the dwelling of Christ in the heart by faith is the higher expression which we shall have presently to consider. Meanwhile, the subject of petition here is the strengthening grace of the Holy Ghost, directed "toward" the secret springs of action in the interior

man. It is, as it were, the Eternal Spirit, from whom all spiritual existence "in heaven and earth is named," seeking his own in the nature of man,—the great Restorer of the defaced image, creating anew, but by using again the dishonored materials of his first handiwork, breathing again upon what he once inbreathed, and recalling to their original vocation the energies of man's soul. He restores the freedom of the will, though only to give it the liberty of freely following his suggestion. He revives in the reason the remembrance of truth long forgotten; he lights up in the desires the one supreme affection. In short, he saves the soul through its own faculties; and, from first to last, his strength is made perfect in the weakness of our inner man.

As to our adorable Lord, the great prayer takes two forms, one referring back to what precedes, the indwelling of Christ through the Spirit; the other referring to what follows, the knowledge of the knowledge-surpassing love of Christ which leads to the fullness of God.

The connection between the clauses is very strict in the original. The strengthening of the inner man, which is the renewal of our original nature, is no other than the perpetual invigoration of that faith by which the Christ, the second Man, dwells in the heart as the new man of our regeneration. As to the former, the believer may say, "Nevertheless I live;" as to the latter he must add, "Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." "The inner man" and the "new man" become one through the sacred indwelling of him "who is our Life." The faith here spoken of is the faith of the inner man quickened through divine operation, and forever apprehending, embracing, and keeping in the heart the Lord Jesus. Whereas in us, that is, in our flesh, "dwelleth no good thing;" in us, in our new nature, Christ "dwelleth," or takes up his fixed and permanent abode. The connection indicated above is established in the Epistle to the Romans: "But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now

if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. And if Christ be in you." (viii, 9, 10.) The indwelling of his Spirit is the indwelling of Christ, and makes the soul "his,"—his in the most blessed and indescribable sense,—his to dwell in as his rest, as his body, as his temple, in short, as his abode and his home. This is a blessing prayed for as dependent on the Spirit's ceaseless energy, and the emphatic word "dwell" here the strongest form of the expression, in fact, the same which is used of the Son: "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell" (Col. i, 19); "for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily" (Col. ii, 9),—plainly means such a fixed and abiding establishment of the Dread Presence in the heart as transforms the soul into him. Within and below this a multitude of other illustrations crowd. The indwelling Lord dwells richly, as a living word, within us (Col. iii); as the supreme internal authority ruling the life; as the hope of glory; as the abiding principle of life and sanctification. But the words of our prayer go beyond all these. They are a significant expansion, and, as it were, transformation, of the thought that our "inner man" is strengthened. That inner man becomes now a new man, which is only the organ and instrument of the indwelling Christ, who lives over again in the believer's soul, executing there his three offices as "the Christ," teaching, ruling, and sanctifying the spirit that is one with him, as he is one with it.

There can be no doubt that the change in the next clause directs us to the effect upon our character of that sacred indwelling of the Lord. Were the words "rooted and grounded" absent, it would be otherwise. The thought would then flow on into a prayer that the soul, conscious of so blessed a guest, might experience—that is, perceive with the mind and feel with the heart—the endless kindness of the love of Christ. This would be in strict keeping with the Lord's own sacred promise: "And my Father will love him, and we will come unto him,

and make our abode with him." Hence we may dare to pray for this, for the constant perception of the flow of the Savior's tokens of love in the soul. What these tokens are can be known only by experience, just as we can know only by experience what that companion word meant, "I will manifest myself to him." How rich and clear that manifestation is, no exposition can tell. It is a revelation that the eye of the heart must be enlightened to see. It was the word by which our Lord, when about to depart from the sensible observation of his own, promised to be equally and still more really present to the senses of faith,—an abiding reality to spiritual perception. That manifestation he most strictly connected with the knowledge of his love, and, bringing both into our present prayer, we may say that this is the order of the three: the indwelling of Christ, the manifesting of himself to faith as indwelling, and the knowledge of his sacred, gracious, and all-sufficient love. But we must not forget that this is the exposition of an imaginary text. The apostle includes all that precedes; but his purpose here is to say that the soul rooted in love, and filled with love in the life, is alone able to understand the blessedness of Christ's love to it, which surpasses every other knowledge than that of experience. It is superfluous to hunt after explanations of these images; it is idle to imagine that their confusion needs to be explained. The words "rooted and grounded" have but one meaning: that love, as the foundation of the Christian character, and as the sap of the Christian life,—or, to add a third figure, "the bond of perfectness,"—is the essential qualification in man for the apprehending of the love of Christ. This alone makes him able, or "fully able," for the word is a strong one, either to comprehend the measures of the love of Christ, as displayed in redemption, or to know in experience that love as a personal possession. Thus love here, as a subjective condition, corresponds with the "opening of the eyes of the heart" in the former prayer. Spiritual things

are spiritually discerned; and, as all spiritual things are to the saints only the mysteries of Christ's love, the spiritual discernment is the discernment of love. To this we must return, after having considered briefly the other expressions which are used to express the object of this knowledge.

First, it is the comprehensive knowledge of the essential characteristics of the love of Christ, as it has been unfolded in the previous part of the epistle. The mystery of redeeming love has its "breadth and length and depth and height;" definitions these of magnitude, which, while they suggest infinity, imply directions and regions into which the spiritual thought may trace it, and not without success. As the "ages to come," and "the principalities and powers in heavenly places" have made known to them the "manifold wisdom" of the mystery of divine grace, so "all saints," the first beneficiaries of these mysteries, are to be their first and most profound and most experimental students. They study, and will forever study, the breadth of the love that embraces all races; its length which fills eternity; its depth which reaches the lowest abyss of sin and misery; its height, lastly, which reaches to the eternal glorification of the divine perfections. This is the common study of all saints, who, like the apostle, their representative, know nothing among men, and nothing in heaven, and nothing in the universe, "but Christ, and him crucified." This fills the circle of their science; absorbs into itself all worthy knowledge, and casts out as vanity all that it can not absorb. Theology is the only knowledge, and the Cross is the only theology. When we understand this, and hold it fast, we may expatiate as we will on the sacred geometry of the allusion. This knowledge is to be studied in the temple of God; and it finds its own best illustration in that temple, the growth of which, into all the proportions of its perfection, as "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all," is the most glorious illustration of the divine love known to

man. But, after all, we must return to the thought of the boundless extent of the love of Christ, which reaches, in every direction in which can be an object of thought, to infinity.

So far, this knowledge has rather reference to the whole company of saints as students, and therefore to the love of Christ as exhausted upon, though never exhausted in, the Church. But when the apostle goes on to add as a supplement, "and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge," he returns more specially to the individual believer, whose knowledge is not so much that of spiritual perception as that of deep, inward, satisfied, though never satisfied, experience of a love that passeth experience. Here is, of course, what is called a paradox; but one so natural and obvious that it is needless to give it the name. So natural is it that we must not think of a latent comparison between the spiritual knowing which may know the love of Christ and the intellectual *gnosis* which it surpasses. It is the glory of this that it surpasses all knowledge outside of God; in the depths of the divine essence, where it originated, whence it came, and to which it returns, alone can it be fully known. It surpasses human faculties in every sense, and in whatever light regarded. It is a divine love manifested in the Incarnate; and every thought and feeling in God must be beyond human understanding. Its deeds and sacrifices, its action and passion, are beyond all human estimate; and, what must never be omitted in this and similar passages, its blessedness as an influence on the human spirit is beyond man's thought to appreciate and describe. What pure and heavenly bliss the human spirit is capable of enjoying in the vision of God, which is only the receiving and returning his love, eternity will prove in full, and time already knows in earnest. The love of Christ is seldom felt, and felt by few in all its unhindered and unabated power to make the soul happy. But even its beginnings and first-fruits fill the heart with a strange and awful joy, the very

first definition of which is that it can not be described and has no parallel, or, in other words, that it "passeth knowledge." Now when nothing hinders its flow into the soul, when every creaturely affection is renounced, and all the capacities of the redeemed and sanctified spirit are prepared for this heavenly influence, and when, finally, it pleases the incarnate life of the soul to put forth more and more of his power to bless, what words can be used concerning the mystery of this communion of love between him who created the spirit to bless it and the spirit created to be blessed than this, that it "surpasseth knowledge."

The connection between "being rooted and grounded in love" and "being able" to comprehend the love of Christ demands deep consideration. The very same words are used in the earlier prayer to signify the strength infused by the Holy Ghost, and their order in the present prayer is such as to make the connection rather stronger and closer than it appears in the English. There are many reasons why much love at the root of the life strengthens the soul to know divine love.

First, it removes some effectual impediments to the perception of divine things generally. Where self reigns, there must needs be a contracted heart in relation to spiritual truth. There is an essential contrariety between self and the heavenly mystery of the Gospel of Christ. The love of redemption can not be studied even in its elements by the selfish mind; much progress can not be made in it by the soul that has any residue of self-seeking; but a full and abounding sympathy with it is the happy privilege of those in whom self is dead. Now, St. Paul's "rooted and grounded in love" means the extinction of self as a principle at the root of the character. With that extinction vanishes every impediment to the study of infinite self-sacrifice. Till it is gone, the love of Christ in his self-devotion to the cross can not be fully sympathized with or known. Hence the apostle, in the chapter of the Epistle to

the Philippians which deals with the Lord's example of supreme self-renunciation, sets out with this precept: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Without his mind in us, we can not approach the sacred mystery. And this is but the echo of our Lord's own words as he drew near to the cross. Not in one saying only, but in the whole course of his instruction, he required perfect self-sacrifice in all who should become his disciples, and showed that both his service and the knowledge of himself were bound up with the following of his example.

Once more: A rooted and grounded love quickens the intellectual faculties of the heart to the study of Christ's love, which is simply the whole compass of the redeeming scheme. The Gospel is sometimes called "the word," sometimes "the faith," sometimes "the wisdom" of God. It assumes, by turns, almost every divine attribute and name, and here, undoubtedly, it is the glorious work in which the surpassing charity of redemption is manifested that is called "the love of Christ." Now, it needs no proof that the love which removes hinderances to the study of redemption quickens the faculties to study it. Love will delight to be forever exploring its treasures. It gives itself up to the consideration—the deep, fervent, prolonged, and never weary pondering—of Christ, and all the mysteries of his person and work. Love is the secret interpreter whom the Holy Spirit is forever educating in this high knowledge. And the perfection of love in the heart and life is such an habitual transformation into the glorious image of Christ as makes the things of Christ its sum of knowledge.

But, best of all, it is the privilege of the loving soul to be much loved. This is not said precisely in the prayer, for "be able" is not "be privileged," but it is most certainly implied. It is to this perfect love, that is crucified to every other object, that the Lord manifests himself. He feeds the love that he inspires with himself, the constant impress of his own

eternal loveliness upon the soul, thus made strong to be able to comprehend what can never be fully comprehended.

Before passing from these most awful privileges, let it be observed that so far the prayer is for the individual. This indwelling is "in your hearts," not in the common heart of the one mystical body, the sacred abstraction of the saved mankind. We are to "comprehend with all saints"—in common with each and with all. We must be jealous on this point. Not only is the individual character of these privileges shown, but the language seems further to intimate that it is as common as it is individual; "with all saints," as if it was of the very nature of the saintly relation to rejoice in these experiences of the divine power. And this, indeed, is true. There are no blessings in the covenant of grace which are not as free to one as to another of the Christian family. There is no reserved class for whom higher graces are reserved. Nothing is more characteristic of the Epistles of St. Paul, and of the New Testament generally, than the absence of any such reservation. All the highest privileges are thrown open with perfect freedom to the whole society of Christ's people. Their experiences are to be enjoyed "with all saints." This fact condemns a sentiment more often felt than expressed; it overthrows a delusion as common as it is unfounded. The salvation is the "common salvation" in all its processes, enjoyments, and hopes. Nothing higher than the religion of this prayer can be conceived out of heaven; but the prayer is offered for every Christian that lives, and is put into the lips of the youngest believer.

"That ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God." This also, like the love of Christ, "passeth knowledge." But it must not be passed over as a mystical winding up of the prayers in words "unlawful to utter" or expound. On a first consideration it might seem to be an unreal and incomprehensible rhapsody, but if we compare it with other Scriptures we find that the apostle did not in-

introduce this new thought into his petition without a distinct meaning. It may be generally expressed thus: As the first of the three branches of the prayer has reference only to the inner man of the individual Christian, into which the Spirit directs the strength of the divine grace; and as the second, concerning the inhabitation of Christ, includes both the individuals and the Church "with all the saints;" so this third rises beyond the individual altogether, and uses language which is appropriate only to the universal mystical body of the Redeemer. This alone can grow into "an holy temple," or be filled up into all the fullness of the Triune God.

We can not do better than prepare our minds for the interpretation by pondering the other passages in which the word is used with reference to the Church, as both receiving perfection from her Lord and rendering him his perfection. The Redeemer himself gave the central word: "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us, . . . perfected into one." (John xvii.) The Lord gave this word, and great is the multitude of its illustrations. The nearest echo is in St. Paul's word to the Colossians, when he says that as the fullness of the Godhead is in Christ, so the fullness of Christ is in his Church. "Ye are complete," or fulfilled, "in him," which literally means that the plenitude of the Divinity in the one person of the God-man is "in course of filling up" in the multitudes of his members. So in this Epistle the holy temple grows up into the Lord, increasing—to return to the Colossians—"with the increase of God." (Col. ii, 19.) The fullness of God is in Christ, "out of whose fullness all we have received." (John i, 16.) But the fullness of Christ is the fullness of God, "for in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Therefore the body of Christ, when it has received to its last member and in the utmost degree all that the head has to bestow on his members, has become "filled unto all the fullness of God." Thus, as "the Father,"

at the outset, represents the Holy Trinity, so at the close that Holy Trinity is represented by the final word, "God."

It is plain, therefore, that it is to the final riches of the glory of grace in the perfected Church, that this last clause of the prayer points. It is the body of Christ that is surely, gradually, blessedly, advancing "unto the fullness of God." But, while this is maintained as necessary to the interpretation of these wonderful words, every Christian has a right to muse upon a certain application of it to himself. We can not forget that in St. John's words, just quoted, there is a gracious individuality—"and of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." In each believer there is the beginning of this last consummation. He is undergoing a transformation which changes him into the image of the Lord, "the same image" in all, "by the Spirit of the Lord." He never loses his own personality, yet he may be filled with the personality of his Savior. His "inner man" will be, through time and eternity, distinctly his own. Christianity knows nothing of a Pantheistic absorption, even into Christ. Yet the supreme glory of the Christian experience is to rise toward that conscious self-nothingness which has forgotten the "I" and the "me" forever.

It is hardly necessary to advert to certain interpretations of these words which they do not fairly permit. The people of God, whether as individuals or as a community, can not be capable of receiving the fullness of God. This follows from the limitation of the creature. Nor is the Church, any more than its members, ever to be swallowed up in the divine essence, or to melt into the Deity. This follows from the personal relations of intelligent spirits. It might almost seem as if the language of the prayer was intended to obviate such a semi-Pantheistic meaning as some of the mystics of the Middle Ages found in them. The Divine Trinity is an indwelling presence in the Church, and the Church will be so one with God in the person of the incarnate Son, as to constitute with him one body. But the

individual will remain a creature of God, a servant of Christ, a temple of the Holy Ghost, forever. And from the innumerable multitude of these individual spirits will go up, throughout eternity, the doxology which the apostle here anticipates.

The doxology has two remarkable characteristics in harmony with the prayer: first, it preserves the same trinitarian character; and, secondly, it is stamped with the same impress of sacred hyperbole.

As the tribute to the divine grace goes back in thanksgiving,—in this sense also “grace for grace,”—so “the riches of the glory of his grace” go back to him, in the tribute of glory, “glory for glory.” It is to be offered to the “Father of glory,” though that name is not expressed; not expressed, because the apostle’s thought is swallowed up in the boundlessness of his power to bless. The standard and measure of that power is, as to us, “beyond what we ask or think.” As to the source of it, it is the might of the Holy Ghost, “according to the power that worketh in us.” As the Father is not again named, so neither is the Spirit. But his divine energy is undoubtedly the object of the doxology, “the power which worketh.” “Christ Jesus” is expressly named, and in such a way as to show that he also is the object of the doxology. It is to be offered “in the Church, unto all the generations of the age of the ages,” but offered “in Christ Jesus,” as the eternal sphere of this glory. In this life we have access in prayer “through him;” in the ages of eternity, begun already in the generations of time, we shall, “in him,” adore and bless the Triune God. There is a sense, indeed, in which we both pray and praise, both in time and in eternity, through the Mediator, as well as in him; but this doxology seems to reach forward to the eternity which shall swallow up the successions of time, and the “through” him has become “in” him forever. Nothing but this will satisfy the remarkable accumulation of terms here. “Unto all the generations of the age of the ages,”—unto the age or eternity into

which all the successions of time flow, and which will be the consummation of all ages. The Church “filled unto the fullness of God” as “the fullness of Christ” will, in him, the incarnate Deity, offer eternal praise in God and unto God, forever.

The amazing strength of the words, “Who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power which worketh in us,” must be left to meditation and experience. The closest exposition of their order only adds to their fullness and vigor,—“able to do beyond all things, superabundantly above what we ask with words or think without words.” The inexhaustible “riches of grace” are here once more, under a form which shows how the writer was laboring to express his thoughts.

The tribute acknowledges that God’s omnipotence is able generally to do more than human thought can conceive of his doing; there is always an endless reserve. This holds good of the works of creation; only “parts of his ways” are seen. It holds good of the operations of grace, though under different conditions. The divine agent, the Holy Spirit, is the administrator of an economy or of a covenant within the character of which he is doing, can do, and will do, infinitely more than we can ask or think. Otherwise than as self-limited by his own conditions, that omnipotent agent is powerless. He exerts his power “according to the counsel of his will,” and “in all wisdom and prudence.”

It declares, further, and this is the strength of the encouragement here given, that the boundless possibilities of grace and blessing are in the very line and order in which they have begun, “according to the power now working in us.” A greater word, and one more stimulating to the soul thirsting for God, is not to be found in Scripture. It says plainly that the almighty power is already, and as almighty, at work within us. In the earlier prayer, the standard was the operation of God in the resur-

rection of Christ, and this was said to be "working usward." Here the words come nearer to us; they are neither in heaven, nor beyond the sea, but within us, "even in our mouth and in our heart." "The power that worketh in us" is an energy that has begun its everlasting work to cease no more forever, but to go on, if not hindered, in a continuity which shall expand into results that surpass any definition. This power worketh onward and onward to infinity. On its glorious way it utterly annihilates the sin of the nature,—a blessing, this, that is above what most Christians ask, and, in some respects, above what they can think. A

state in which no sympathy, even the faintest, is felt with sin, and self is lost in God, and concupiscence—natural to man in the world of sense—ceases to be "evil concupiscence," is, by most Christians, utterly inconceivable; it is more than they can "think." But our prayer was indited by one who knew that beforehand, knowing "what is in man." It ought to accustom us to dare, both in hope and petition, what to men is impossible, but not to God, for "with God all things are possible," and not to faith; for "if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

ODE TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

FROM THE DRAMA, ARNOLDO DA BRESCIA, BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA NICCOLINI.

[This drama is one of the few celebrated modern Italian productions. Its hero, Arnaldo, was a reformer of the eleventh century, who especially denounced the corruptions of the Romish priesthood, and who fell a martyr to the truths he had proclaimed. The meter, irregular in the original, is preserved in the translation.]

TO us, in weary exilement,
Descend, thou Spirit creative,
Who, loving, beyond all defilement,
With Father and Savior art native.
Abroad spread thy luminous pinions,
Counselor, the darkness dispersing;
Appear, and the troop of Sin's minions
Dismay,—their onset reversing.
Not vainly through infinite spaces
Thou flewest, mysteriously breathing,
While wondering angelic faces
Saw worlds stirred from Chaos yet seething.
Veiled in the tissues of Ocean
Lay Earth. Above her thou hoveredst;
The firmament rose at thy motion;
With light thou earth and sea coveredst.
O thou! the enkindled, the moving
Thought of the Being eternal,
Unknown, uncreated, beyond proving;
He who knows, makes, loves,—the Super-
nal,—
Subjugate by thy valor
Spirit, the hate that divides us,
That o'er hope casts its pallor,
That prostrates, overrides us.

Proclaim till the utterances mingle
Good-will and peace. From the mountain,
Show us the One Lover single,
The Cross, the blood-flowing fountain.
Why, Century wrathful, delayest
To recognize him? why forsakest
The Christ? Thou, Crucified, payest
For all, and us brothers of God makest.

Yet, Spirit, the base people believe not
Thee, who of all gentle thoughts art Father.
Minds touched by thee decline not, but rather
Grow great; thy allurements deceive not.
Now dove, and now eagle, thou fliest;
Now with love, now with force, art invested.
Flame-like to burn our vileness detested,
Thou descendest from heavens the highest.

The Church was free, and to earth's confines farthest
Went forth her word. Yet that grim error
Which slays the Lamb, besprinkle did her
harvest
With purest blood, and in her fields sowed
terror;

Sorrow and innocence the law fulfilling
 Of Love, that gave itself, an offering willing.
 Scarce Constantine assumed had the purple
 royal
 Than she broke forth with Christ, her Con-
 sort plighted.
 Truth born of Death, sublime, her heart
 disloyal
 Forgot. The wedding-lamp no more was
 lighted.
 But is not he from th' oblivious grave as-
 cended,
 Who one with God is,—by angelic hosts at-
 tended?

The husk of your creed is musty and rotted,
 And ye hope to beguile us with lies and
 with cheating,
 When the true, risen God, O priesthood
 besotted!
 With prophesied triumph his people is
 greeting!
 Already the Spirit I sing hath descended,
 And heaven with earth hath wedded and
 blended.
 We are his temple, where Levites avaricious
 Do fornicate; ruins, altars, defaming,

Purchased by Christ; while they, lustful,
 ambitious,
 With lips polluted his name are proclaiming.
 Not with these abideth the Spirit most holy,
 He who will leave heaven for a heart meek
 and lowly.
 Spirit, who whither thou wilt freely movest,
 I know that the Nazarene Samson remorseful,
 One day, stirred by thee—thus thou provest
 Thine own—the temple of Dagon shook
 fearful.
 Even as the false one his long locks did
 sever,
 So we are despoiled of our ancestral vigor;
 Made blind men and slaves, in duress and
 rigor.

(Chorus of Romans.)

In the darkness still faintly brightens
 The Sun stationed above us.
 In the ashes still a spark lightens,
 The Savior and Spirit still love us.
 Virtues that erewhile did languish,
 Since the Spirit is living,
 Will arise, triumphant o'er anguish,
 Life and liberty giving.

MARY S. ROBINSON.

WAITING FOR THE DAWN.

WE are waiting, Father, waiting
 Through the long and dreary night,
 Watching 'mid the gath'ring shadows,
 For the morning's promised light;
 We are trusting, Father, trusting,
 Though no ray of light appears;
 And the night is filled with glory,
 Though we see our God through tears.

We are gazing, Father, gazing,
 On a sky with clouds o'ercast,
 And no sunbeam falls upon us,
 Through the blackness, deep and vast.
 E'en our Father's face is hidden,
 But we know his loving smile
 Lights the heaven beyond the darkness,
 And will dawn on us erewhile.

We are bearing, Father, bearing
 Burdens thou hast kindly given;
 We are learning to be patient,
 While earth's chains are being riven;
 And the links that bind our spirits
 To their destiny above,
 Thou art forging from our sorrows,
 Thou art riveting in love.

We are learning, Father, learning,
 Not to murmur or complain,
 Though our dearest friendships fail us,
 And our fondest hopes are vain.
 Thou dost hold us by a cable
 With its anchor in the sky,
 And we wait, 'mid shattered idols,
 For the dawning, by and by.

HAYES C. FRENCH, M. D.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE study of Egyptian history and monumentology has become of late almost a passion in Europe, and in France especially. The views in regard to Egypt and its significance have greatly changed within the last ten years. The nimbus of poetry that hovered over the newly discovered land of wonders and its mighty monuments since Napoleon declared to his army of Egypt that "forty centuries looked down on them," has virtually disappeared, and many a disillusion has followed the overstrained expectations with which scholars investigated the beginnings of human culture on the banks of the Nile. The influence which the religion and philosophy of Egypt exerted over the nations of antiquity, and especially over our own most important teachers, the Jews and the Greeks, is by no means settled. Many points that have hitherto been conceded are now contested, while some are altogether denied. A great effort is therefore being made by Egyptian scholars to investigate these important questions anew, with such light as can be gained from the most recent and thoughtful studies of this land, so rich in antique treasures.

This task is being performed partly in drawings and partly in colored sheets specially devoted to the most interesting specimens of art and industry among the Egyptians. The skill of the molder and the painter is often combined to represent the life and activity of this peculiar people. For their temples and palaces were painted within and without with never-fading colors, and surfaces of a few square yards cost sometimes incredible effort and large sums of money. Thus we may now learn by the eye every phase of Egyptian life,—how they baked their bread, caught their fish, and gave their social gatherings. We are, above all, treated

to specimens of their minor arts,—the cabinet-maker, the potter, the goldsmith, and the cloth-weaver are all presented in the midst of their labor, and surrounded by the implements of their professions. It is curious to perceive how Egyptian painters with their striking accuracy to nature nevertheless remained in the infancy of their art. Every thing is represented from its broadest surface; the feet and face of a man are presented sidewise, while the eyes and breast are always given in front view. Aquatic fowls on the water are swimming sidewise to the observer. They are very skillful in giving the outline between light and dark surfaces, and distinguishing different objects by their shades of color. The Egyptians were unusually skillful workers in gold, and quite as much so in the matter of weaving delicate textures. In examining these, modern artists are frequently surprised to see how little advance they have made over their ancient colleagues. Pliny assures us that the Egyptians were masters of the art of dyeing with chemicals, and he describes how they prepare dyes of various colors in large kettles. As proof of this we have specimens of tapestry work that have been copied on walls and preserved even till the present time. Thus in great variety of subject and form it is now possible to view ancient Egypt as it seemed to its own people. Many of these representations are necessarily given without date or explanation, because these are not attainable; but they are often so masterly that merely to see them is to have an accurate book of models, or a story of travel in that ancient land. Some of these pictures seem too elegant for Egyptian art. They are rather French than Egyptian, so that one is inclined to question the accuracy of the artist. But every nation is prone

to see another with its own eyes, and as these delineations are mostly from French sources, it is natural that they should partake a little of French sentiment. Rubens and Cornelius have both painted the Greeks, and both thought to have penetrated the essence of the antique, though differing greatly in result.

THE famous shrine of Lourdes seems to have repeated itself in the far-off land of Cathay. In Cochin-China there is a French colony whose leading physician learned not long ago that "Our Lady of Lourdes" had a rival among the Buddhists in a girl that was performing wonderful cures by means of magic water. This individual pretended that Buddha had appeared to her in person, and taught her the preparation of a water which would immediately cure the cholera, then raging there with great virulence. The process was a very simple one, and the remedy was prepared before the eyes of all. They brought her a vessel, in the bottom of which was a small lighted candle. When this had burned a little while she poured water on it from a neighboring spring, which, of course, extinguished the light, but in so doing it acquired miraculous power. The preparer of this wonderful water had also a decided family similarity with Louise Lateau, of Belgium, in that she lived on the blossoms of the lotus, as the latter ate nothing but holy wafer. She was of course a saint to her surroundings, and as such the French physician decided to visit her with an interpreter, that he might learn her own story about her power to perform miracles.

He found her in a plain bamboo house surrounded by trees. She invited him to a seat beside her on the veranda, in the rear of which was a sort of altar, on which were burning six candles, so inclosed by curtains on either side as to give the appearance of a chapel. The Frenchman found a young woman of about twenty, a so-called Chinese-Anamite, of mixed race, who readily answered all his questions. She was fair and gentle, of a sort of delicate somnambulist type. Her hair had been long, but since she had become a saint it was cut short. She handed the doctor a cigarette, which gave him an opportunity to feel her pulse; it was weak but rapid, beating ninety-four to the

minute. In the course of conversation she declared that she had seen Buddha about a week previously. He had first appeared in the day-time, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. She was reclining on her couch when she saw a very large man, with long white beard, coming to her, dressed in a broad blue garment. He said nothing then, but in the following night, while she slept, he again appeared, and told her to place a burning candle in a hollow vessel, and to extinguish this with water, which would then become a remedy against the prevailing pest. The wonder-working girl then introduced to the doctor several persons whom she had cured with this water; and, to judge from their exterior, they had been cured of fright rather than of the disease. Without being questioned, she assured the doctor that she had eaten nothing but lotus blossoms since she began her cures, and gracefully offered him a few buds. This young and intelligent woman is married to a Chinese merchant, and lives near a temple. The priests exert a great influence over her, and evidently make quite a speculation out of her pretended power. The curious feature of the case is its similarity with that one of Lourdes; and the question arises, Is the deception borrowed, or are the white and Mongolian races so much alike in their superstitions and their capacity of being deceived?

THE veteran Emperor of Germany has just finished his fourscore years, and the occasion has been made one of general rejoicing all over the Father-land. And were his career now to close, it would be one of the most remarkable in history for many reasons, but especially for the fact that, though now so loved, he was at one time quite as cordially hated. He is, above all, a soldier. During the memorable revolutionary days of 1848, in Berlin, he, as eldest brother of the then ruling monarch, was military commander of the city garrison of forty thousand men. When the people rose *en masse* for their liberties, and demanded concessions from the crown, the latter bid the soldiery hew them down in the streets, and this was done under the present Emperor as Prince of Prussia. After a night of terrible slaughter the morning dawned on a city weltering in blood, and so wearied with the long night

of battle that both contending parties were forced for a brief period to rest,—during this time the king saw his error and bid the troops withdraw. The Prince, who had led the battle, became so unpopular that he was forced to flee to England to save his life; and now see him crowned with the bay and laurel of both war and peace. His career in subsequent history has been so glorious that his name will ever live in connection with the wonderful events that have marked his reign; namely, the transformation of Germany from a loose bundle of States into a great power superior to its French rival, and the first of Europe.

While he was yet a mere lad, William served in the battle of Jena, and saw the fearful humiliation of his country under the heel of the first Napoleon, and also saw how this tyrant abused and maligned his noble mother, Queen Louisa, the noblest female character in German history. After a long period of subjugation he was with his people again when they arose and threw off the French yoke, and the allied Powers took Paris and banished Napoleon to St. Helena. And finally he himself led the army that conquered the third Napoleon, besieged Paris, and re-established the German Empire in the halls of Versailles.

During the early portion of his life, before he became king, he was the last man from whom his people had any reason to expect such heroic deeds. But he gradually made Prussia so strong that she took a leading position in Germany, and finally rallied all the other German States around his standard and led them to the astonishing victories of France on its own soil. And now that German unity is secured the German nation do not forget the ruler who led them through this Red Sea, but take every opportunity to show their love and veneration for him. On this occasion he is said to have received about four thousand presents from all classes, high and low; and of course of all kinds,—many of them testifying to the simple love of the peasantry for their venerable monarch.

ONE of the national commemorations of the above event was the opening of the "National Gallery" of Berlin. The erection of this splendid monument to German

art was planned some twenty years ago, and it has been about ten years in the course of construction. At the eightieth birthday of the Emperor it was so far completed outside and in its inner structure that it was feasible to proceed with its dedication to its lofty purpose; and it was formally opened to the public with imposing ceremonies. It was a favorite thought of the preceding king to make Berlin the center of artistic life and effort, and thus throw the rosy mantle of muses around the military service of this exceedingly military State. Many genial designs sprang from the brain of the art-loving king; he would rival the Athens of Pericles and the Florence of the Medici; this famous spot, on which are collected so many beautiful edifices, was finally to be crowned with one whose magnetic beauty should cast into the shade the Rome of Augustus and the Acropolis of Athens. His desire was to combine, if possible, the spirit of Christianity with that of classic antiquity. The central point of the whole structure was to be its crowning dome in Romanic-Byzantine style, rivaling that of Saint Peter's in Rome. But Frederick William IV was not permitted to carry out this great work. The revolutionary storms of his later life bid him leave to posterity the accomplishment of the great purpose. This could not be undertaken until after the fortunate war of 1866, at the close of which, to the great joy of the nation, and as a reward for its valor King William gave orders to proceed with the work that his brother had begun. But even then came long delays on account of threatened dangers in the future; and not until the German armies were victorious on the banks of the Seine and the Loire could King William feel safe in ordering the completion of the building and giving it the name of "National Gallery," for not until then were the German States consolidated into one great State.

As the Germans have honored the names of Gutenberg and Faust, their first printers, by erecting monuments to their memory, so the Russian clergy are now raising a subscription to build a monument to John Fedorow, the first man who ever cast Russian types. He established the first printing-press at Moscow in 1553.

ART NOTES.

THE musical world has for years been in a state of violent agitation over the peculiar theories and claims of Richard Wagner. His views have been so revolutionary, yet defended with such energy and acknowledged genius, that the contest has been long and obstinate. The true value and probable permanence of Wagner's influence in the development of modern music will be somewhat determined by the presentation of his great musical trilogy, "The Niebelungen-ring," which is to begin August 13th, at Baireuth, Bavaria. This master-work consists of four parts, or operas, each of which occupies an evening in its presentation. The parts are named respectively, "Das Rheingold," which is a sort of prelude or introduction to the others; "Die Walkure;" "Siegfried," and "Die Gotterdammerung." It is purposed to present the entire series three times, beginning August 13th and ending August 30th. To carry out this mammoth project has required an energy and expenditure of time, talent, and money, of which the uninitiated can form but a very slight conception. The poetry of the libretto is the work of Wagner himself, and was finished more than twenty years ago; the music has consumed him for all this time,—being completed in 1870. Since 1870 preparations for its presentation on an immense scale have been going forward. For this purpose an immense theater must be constructed (for the theory of Wagner includes the arrangements of the building as well as the music and poetry), and a host of musicians must be put under special training. But so great has been the enthusiasm of Wagner's friends that special Wagner societies have been organized in most of the chief cities of Europe, and also Theodore Thomas has been the means of founding several in this country. To give a working fund the members of these societies have purchased and sold tickets in advance and forwarded the proceeds to Wagner himself; and King Ludwig, of Bavaria, before his death, gave him a handsome endowment, while wealthy musical enthusiasts in all countries have been most hearty and liberal in their moneyed

contributions. The rehearsals, which have been in progress more than one year, have only added to the enthusiasm, and raised still higher the expectation; and it is said that already in June crowds had begun to wend their way to Baireuth to participate in this long expected musical festival. Whatever may be the final verdict on the theories of Wagner, history will judge him to be one of the most bold, energetic, industrious, and persistent geniuses of this century.

—The correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Rome, says: "A theatrical representation was given the other day at the Corea theater, to aid in buying prizes for the children. The theater is one of the most singular historic places in Rome. It is the ruin of the mausoleum which the great Augustus built to contain his funeral urn, and that of all his relatives, connections, and dependents. In his day it consisted of a lofty marble tower with three retiring stages, each of which had its terrace covered with earth and planted with cypresses. These stages were pierced with many chambers, destined to receive the ashes of those who were buried there. It formerly rose from the midst of grassy meadows on the banks of the Tiber, but, although the river is still as near as it was then, the city is so thickly built up that its neighborhood is forgotten. The monument itself is not less changed than its surroundings, and no more striking proof could be found than this of the fleeting character of earthly grandeur. The dark chamber where once were placed the ashes of the great Caesar is still shown, and there is a circular piece of marble where the funeral vase once stood. But the urn is now in one of the museums of the city, and the ashes, once so precious, have been scattered to the winds. The mausoleum is a ruin, but the old walls remain in circular form, and the summit has been leveled off and converted into a Summer theater without a roof. There was some idea, a few years ago, of covering it with glass; and expending sixty thousand dollars to repair it, but it has not been done, and the public still sit there under

the starlight and moonlight on Summer evenings with the stage and the gas-lights before them and the dark chambers and the broken funeral urns below. Few spots in the world present a more curious contrast of the present and the past, of active, thoughtless life and silent forgotten death, than this."

—Among the foremost leaders to break down a narrow dogmatism and to bring about a more hearty sympathy between the various branches of English Protestantism is Dean Stanley. We have before noticed his efforts in connection with the Wesley memorial in Westminster Abbey. We have now to record his good deeds in designing a new memorial window to be dedicated to the memory of the Christian poets, George Herbert and William Cowper. The design of the window includes full-length portraits of the poets, in connection with accurate representations of Bemerton and Olney, their native places. The interest attaching to this window is peculiar, since in response to the circular of the good Dean, soliciting money for this window, our countryman, Geo. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, offered to be at the sole expense of the memorial as a tribute of respect from an American to these Christian poets of the mother country. The Dean accepted the offer in the spirit in which it was made. The English journals seem generally to approve this deed, and remark that it seems appropriate that the name of an American citizen should be placed in Westminster Abbey, in the Centennial year of the Republic.

—The following official order has been issued by the President of the United States:

"WASHINGTON, July 25, 1876.

"Professor Robert W. Weir, N. A. Department of Drawing, United States Military Academy, having served faithfully until he is seventy-three years of age, embracing more than forty-two years of faithful and efficient service in the Department of Drawing, is, by the direction of the President, hereby retired from active service, in conformity with sections 1,333 and 1,244 of the Revised Statutes."

The remarkable career of Professor Weir calls for more than a passing notice. Called to his responsible post in 1832, to succeed a distinguished teacher, Charles R. Leslie, he

has grown old in the service of his country. Gifted with great powers as an artist, and possessed of exceptionally dignified bearing and purity of character, he has brought to his professorship an unusual richness of honor and reputation. While he was faithful and remarkably successful in the discharge of his professional duties, and while the successive generations of army officers who have enjoyed his instruction and companionship set a very high value on his labors, it is fortunate for art that he found time for the study and practice of his favorite calling as a painter. He has greatly enriched the private collections of American gentlemen who have been his patrons, and has added much to the art reputation of his native country. His works occupy a very prominent place in American art. The rotunda of the national Capitol is adorned with his "Embarkation of the Pilgrims." More than a half century ago he made studies in Rome for his great picture, "Taking the Veil," and his portrait of the noted chief of the Senecas, "Red Jacket," enjoys a world-wide reputation. "Paestum by Moonlight," "A Pier at Venice," "Niagara Falls," "The Landing of Hendrick Hudson," "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," are, perhaps, among the best known of his other works. It is a grand thing for this venerable artist, now in his seventy-fourth year, to retire from public service with his powers unimpaired, his artistic sympathies in liveliest exercise, and bearing with him the increasing respect and love of his more than two generations of students.

—It is probable that nine-tenths of the American visitors to Philadelphia will sympathize with the account of the sculpture in the Art Hall, as given by W. D. Howells, in the *Atlantic* for July. We must, however, remember that the nude is most difficult to treat, and much that we Americans regard delicacy and modesty is pronounced mere prudery by our European visitors. "The show of sculpture within seems to have been almost entirely left to the countrymen of Michael Angelo, who are here for the most part reposing on his laurels. One of them has posted in the most conspicuous place in the rotunda his 'Reception of Washington,'

Washington perched on an eagle much too small for him. The group is in plaster; the eagle life-size, and the Washington some six feet high from the middle up; having no occasion for legs in the attitude chosen, Washington thriftily dispenses with them. The poor man who made this is so besotted with it as to have placarded his other works, 'By the sculptor of the Washington.' This is not his fault, perhaps, and I am not so sure after all it is as bad as the bronze statue of 'Emancipation' (I suppose), a most offensively Frenchy negro, who has broken his chains, and, spreading both his arms and legs abroad, is rioting in a declamation of something (I should say) from Victor Hugo; one longs to clap him back into hopeless bondage. Then there is the wax Cleopatra, in the Annex, an image to bring tears to the eyes of the legislative gentlemen who lately proposed to abolish the study of the nude in our State drawing-schools. It will not do to describe the extreme *deshabille* of this figure; it is enough to say that it is Cleopatra coming to meet Antony (the printed explanation handed you by the attendant says Caesar), in her barge, fanned by a black slave, and attended by a single Cupid, whose ruff, as he moves his head, shows the jointure of his neck; a weary parrot on her finger opens and shuts its wings, and she rolls her head alluringly from side to side, and faintly lifts her right arm and lets it drop again, for twelve hours every day. Unlike many sculptures this has no vagueness of sentiment, and it explicitly advertises a museum of anatomy in Philadelphia. For the last reason it might be fitly expelled, etc."

A like criticism and a like condemnation will be pronounced on some of the works in the French and Austrian departments. We are glad that our people are not educated to tolerate such nude indecencies.

—This is the time for unearthing old relics and giving to the world their history. Doubtless much exaggeration connects with the description of these objects, and it is highly probable that their great age would shrivel before a critical examination. Nevertheless we can forgive the spirit that would bring forth any thing that illustrates the life of the past century, and can give us clearer views of the progress which we have made

in all things social, material, and æsthetic. Our eyes have fallen upon a description of the residence of Colonel Russell Jarvis, of Claremont, New Hampshire. And we have also been greatly interested in the collection of curious objects contained therein. The great timbers of its frame show that houses built a century ago were built to stay. The immense piazza, with its giant colonnade, extending around three sides of the house, is large enough to contain as many modern dwellings. Within are to be found an endless variety of ancient furniture and *bric-a-brac*, which would cause the insanity of one possessed by the now fashionable mania. Dark carved secretaries, chairs, and side-board; a piano, which is certainly one of the oldest of its species, and looks the personification of modesty beside its more showy sister; china and tiles of the most quaint and curious pattern; pictures upon the walls which unmistakably show the touch of the master-hand,—one, the possession of which the most lavish of modern collectors might envy. It represents Thomyris, the Queen of the Scythians, causing the head of Cyrus to be plunged into a vase filled with blood. This painting has a curious history, having been the property of a French nobleman living in San Domingo. During the massacre of 1791 his house was burned, and in that night of horror he escaped, saving this, his most valuable piece of property, and little else. He fled with it to Boston, where it was bought by Colonel Jarvis's grandfather. This painting attracted much attention at the Art Exhibition in Boston in 1832, at which very many of the finest works of art in America were exhibited, Mr. Jarvis having loaned it to the Association. In the room devoted to masterpieces in the Louvre, Paris, is a picture by Rubens exactly similar to this in all respects except that it is somewhat larger. Who shall give the history of their relationship? The old carriages had not been disturbed for twenty-five years, and when, on Centennial Independence-day, it was proposed to bring them forth as worthy relics of the past, it was found necessary to enlarge the doors, which had been constructed with reference to the less stately equipages of the present day. When all was ready the family and a few favored friends were invited to a centennial ride.

The driver mounted the box, cracking his whip as in the days of old; the footman clambered up behind; the ponderous wheels turned round, the leathern braces cracked as if in delight to get on the road once more, and as we rolled away, a century

seemed to have slipped from beneath our feet. The old coach was rattling over the turnpike again. In three days we should arrive in Boston and learn the news that the Continental Congress had declared our national independence.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

A SAYING OF NAPOLEON: ITS ORIGIN.—The Emperor Napoleon I has been much commended for the combined wit and wisdom of his observation, "There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." There is an old French proverb which embodies the same idea: "*Les extremes se touchent*, extremes meet." It is hardly possible to suppose that Napoleon was unfamiliar with it. Be that as it may, the idea can be traced to a very ancient paternity. Thomas Paine's writings were translated into French in the year 1791, and he has the following passage: "The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately; one step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again." This is obviously a kindred remark to one made by Dr. Hugh Blair in his attempt to show how wit and buffoonery glide into each other. It is very reasonable to suppose that he had met with a similar expression which occurs in the "Treatise on the Sublime," by the old Greek rhetorician, Longinus.

A FIRST-CLASS PLAGIARISM.—Prior, the English poet, was what may emphatically be called a "well-read man," and he is said to have been somewhat unscrupulous in the matter of acknowledging authorities. He wrote a poem entitled "Solomon," and in that poem the following line has been admired for its grace and comprehensiveness: "For hope is but the dream of those who wake." This, it is to be feared, is "borrowed plumage." Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, who lived in the fourth century of the Christian era, wrote a letter to his friend Gregory, which

has come down to us, and this sentiment occurs in it: "For the hopes of men have been justly called waking dreams." Basil was one of the Greek fathers, and it is highly probable his life was imbued with the wisdom of the Greek classics. Who can doubt that he had read the "Life of Aristotle," by Diogenes Laertius, in which the following anecdote is narrated; "On one occasion the question was put to him, What is hope? and his answer was, The dream of a waking man." This work was translated into English, and given to the public about the year 1696. To which of these sources Prior was indebted can not now be decided, as he is beyond confession.

A SPECIMEN OF BATHOS.—An amusing instance of bathos is afforded in the published tour of a lady who attained some celebrity in literature. Describing a storm to which she was exposed when crossing in a steam vessel from Dover to the coast of France, her ladyship says: "In spite of the most earnest solicitations to the contrary, in which the captain eagerly joined, I firmly persisted in remaining on deck, although the tempest had now increased to such a frightful hurricane that it was not without great difficulty I could *hold up my parasol!*"

HOW HE GOT HIS PASS.—At one of the sessions of the Illinois Conference a certain railroad company refused to make any deduction for the ministerial members from the usual fares. Rev. George Barrett declared he would go back free, and set himself at work to accomplish it. He went to the superintendent's office, and employing his fascinating conversational powers soon had the superintendent delighted. He then

remarked that he had long been desirous of going to Boston, and exclaimed, "By the way, I suppose it is your custom to give passes to officers and employés of other roads; and as I am a conductor perhaps you would not object to pass me." "Why certainly not," said the superintendent, and he began to fill out a pass. Presently he paused and said, "Mr. Barrett, I forgot to ask you what road you run on." "They call it," said Barrett, undauntedly, "the Under-ground Railroad!" The superintendent dropped his pen and uttered an exclamation of surprise and vexation. Barrett supposing the "fat was in the fire," retreated. Next day as he was going down the street the superintendent met him, passing up on the other side. He hailed Barrett, and crossed over, saying, "Mr. Barrett, you sold me out yesterday, but I have filled out that pass for you," handing it to him. The other took it, and in the politest terms expressed his gratitude. It so happened that the superintendent had a very dark complexion. Barrett told him, "I shall be very happy to reciprocate the favor on my road. We could not easily pass you in daylight owing to your complexion. But we have a night-express, which will take you through in the utmost safety." "Sold again!" exclaimed the superintendent, and suddenly left. Barrett went home on the pass free.

J. C. W

CONCEITS IN WRITING.—Thomas Wilson, the first critical writer upon the English language, in his "System of Rhetoric and Logic" earnestly advocates simplicity of language, and condemns those writers who disturb the natural arrangement of their words, and reject familiar and appropriate phrases for the sake of others more refined and curious. Among other false styles censured by him is that of *alliteration*, of which he gives the following caricature example: "Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual." What a thunder-bolt rhetorical Thomas would have hurled against Tryphiodorus, who composed an *Odyssey*, consisting of twenty-four Books, excluding from the first book the letter A, from the second, B, and so on; thus show-

ing the whole letters of the alphabet one after another that he could do without them. It was in allusion to this fantastical work that Addison says he saw in a dream the phantom of Tryphiodorus engaged in a ball with twenty-four persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him. Of one Theobaldus, a monk, who flourished in the time of Charles the Bald (Carolus calvus), King of France, we are told, that he wrote a panegyric on "Baldness," every word of which began with the letter C.

A SHREWD DECISION OF ALI, CALIPH OF BAGDAD.—In the preliminary dissertation to Richardson's "Arabic Dictionary," 2 vols. 4to, 1806, the following curious anecdote is recorded: "Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, and the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on having one-half. The cause came before Ali, who gave the following judgment: 'Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one; for, if we divide the eight loaves by three, they make twenty-four parts; of which he who laid down the five loaves had fifteen, whilst he who laid down three had only nine; as all fared alike, and eight shares was each man's proportion, the stranger ate seven parts of the first man's property, and only one belonging to the other; the money in justice, must be divided accordingly.'

CURIOUS CAUSE OF LORD BACON'S DEATH.—His death was caused by the trial of an experiment whether flesh could not be preserved in snow as well as in salt. For this purpose, while taking an airing with Dr. Witherspoon, the king's physician, he went to a poor woman's cottage at the bottom of Highgate Hill and bought a hen, the body of which he stuffed with snow. In doing this, the chill seized him so suddenly and violently that he was unable to proceed, and was obliged to be carried to the Earl of Arundel's house, in the neighborhood, where

the bed on which he was placed being damp, he caught so severe a cold that he died of suffocation. His last letter, addressed to the earl on his death-bed, is preserved in his works. His last breath was drawn in the arms of his benevolent relative, Sir Julius Caesar. He expired on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1626, having survived the completion of his sixty-fifth year by nearly three months.

ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.—Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father Jesse to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brothers fared. "Cheese of kine" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclops Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus, and other early poets mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians; and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese; they appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when young, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves, and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

THE INTERMENT OF SACRED ANIMALS IN EGYPT.—Cats were embalmed and buried where they died, except perhaps in the neighborhood of Bubastis; for we find their mummies at Thebes and other Egyptian towns, and the same may be said of hawks and ibises. At Thebes numerous ibis mummies are found, as well as in the well-known ibis mummy pit of Sakkara; and cows, dogs, hawks, mice, and other animals are found embalmed and buried at Thebes. They did not, therefore, carry all the cats to Bubastis, the shrew mice and hawks to Buto, or the ibis to Hermopolis. But it is very possible that persons whose religious scruples were very strong, or who wished to show greater honor to one of those animals, sent them to

be buried at the city of the god to whom they were sacred, as individuals sometimes preferred having their bodies interred at Abydos, because it was the holy burial-place of Osiris. This explains the statement of Herodotus, as well as the fact of a great number of cat mummies being found at the Speos Artemidos, and the number of dog mummies in the Cynopolite nome, and of wolf mummies at Lycopolis. In some places the mummies of oxen, sheep, dogs, cats, serpents, and fishes were buried in a common repository; but wherever particular animals were sacred small tombs or cavities in the rock were made for their reception, and sepulchers were set apart for certain animals in the cemeteries of other towns.

"CUTTLE-BONE."—There is a substance that is often to be picked up on the shore, and oftener to be purchased at the perfumer's shops, known by the name of cuttle-bone, and when reduced to powder, used for various purposes. This so-called cuttle-bone is not bone at all, but a very wonderful structure, consisting almost entirely of pure chalk, and having been at one time embedded loosely in the substance of some departed individual of the species called *Sepia officinalis*. The "bone" is inclosed within a membranous sac within the body of the cuttle, by which sac it is secreted, and with which it has no other connection, dropping out when the animal is opened. On taking one of these objects into the hand, its extreme lightness is very evident, and if it be cut across and examined through a lens, the cause of the lightness will be perceived. The plate is not solid, but is formed of a succession of excessively thin laminæ or floors of chalk, each connected with each by myriads of the tiniest imaginable chalky pillars. When the cuttle is living, this structure runs through the entire length of the abdomen, being of equal length with it, and occupying about one-third of its breadth.

EPILEPTIC REVIEW.—By a ridiculous error of the press, the *Eclectic Review* was advertised once upon a time as the *Epileptic Review*; and on inquiry being made for it at a book-store, the bookseller replied that "he knew of no periodical called the 'Epileptic Review,' though there might be such a publication coming out by fits and starts."

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

FRATERNIZATION between the Northern and Southern branches of the great evangelical Churches of the land continues to prosper. Rev. Dr. Morris, of Baltimore, an eminent Lutheran minister, advocates the holding of a general diet or conference of Lutherans in the United States, which shall "do something specifically to heal the wounded feelings of the Southern Lutherans, caused by certain" loyal "resolutions passed in the General Synod during the late war." The suggestion has been warmly seconded. Presbyterians and Congregationalists of the two sections are also coming nearer together. In the Methodist Episcopal Church fraternal camp-meetings on both sides of the border and loving overtures are the order of the day. Meanwhile the lives of Northern clergymen and teachers, whose only crime is striving to enlighten and elevate "the niggers," are threatened, and some of them have been driven from their charges with gross indignities. One worthy presiding elder was courteously informed a few weeks ago that after the presidential election he might safely return.

—The Irish Wesleyan Conference opened in Dublin, June 21st. Rev. Gervase Smith, President of the British Wesleyan Conference, occupied the chair; Rev. J. W. M'Kay was elected secretary. The public services were well attended, and a deeply religious spirit pervaded the entire session. There was a loss during the year of three hundred and sixty-five members by death and three hundred and sixty-six by emigration, but a net increase of one hundred and ten full members, with eight hundred and twenty-two on trial. Three ministers had died since the last session,—Revs. John Armstrong, William Lough, and Edward Johnston, all highly esteemed and worthy men. At its session, held one year ago, the conference approved of a plan for the representation of the laity in the annual conference, but because of the somewhat singular and delicate relations of this body to the British Conference, the carrying out of the plan was postponed. This year the question

again came up and was submitted to the conference for immediate action. Every vote but one was recorded in the affirmative, and the next conference, which is to be held in Cork, will accordingly be a mixed body. The change has been accomplished without the slightest strife or mischievous agitation, and the result is viewed with satisfaction and thankfulness by the friends of the body. Much interest was manifested in the scheme for union with the Primitive Wesleyans. The conference voted in favor of effecting the union as soon as the embarrassments growing out of certain legal and financial questions could be removed.

—The one hundred and thirty-third session of the British Wesleyan Conference began in Nottingham, on July 26th. The ministers were received with unwonted hospitality by the authorities of the town, and the sessions were unusually interesting. Rev. Alexander M'Aulay was elected President, receiving one hundred and forty-six votes, while one hundred and thirty-seven were cast for Dr. Rigg, and one hundred and twenty-six for Rev. Samuel Coley. Rev. W. B. Pope had declined the position on account of ill health. The new President is said to be only forty-five years of age, and one of the most original and radical men in the body. He has for years been recognized as the leader of the more aggressive party in the conference, and his election at this time, although by only a small plurality over two contestants, is not without its significance. He is an extreme radical in politics, thoroughly Methodist in theology, and one of the most eminent revivalistic preachers in the entire Wesleyan Church. His inaugural address was a stirring appeal for earnest and direct effort on the part of the ministry and laity for the conversion of souls. The statistical returns showed an increase of 14,876 members, and of 34,120 probationers. Lay representation was virtually conceded by the last conference when it voted that the time had arrived for it, and appointed committees to solve legal difficulties. These committees

having laid the question before eminent jurists, found that the way was open, and accordingly reported a plan, and voted for its immediate adoption. The laity of both branches of the parent body will now be represented in their chief councils. At the "opening session," deputations from Ireland, France, Canada, and South Australia reported on the progress of the Methodists in those countries. Rev. Dr. Rigg, of the deputation to the United States, gave an account of their visit and reception by the General Conference of the Methodist Church in America.

—The evangelistic work begun in Great Britain by Messrs. Moody and Sankey is being steadily pushed forward by earnest Christians of all denominations. Evangelists of more or less prominence, several of them from America, are laboring in all the important cities and towns. A society has been lately organized for the purpose of sending experienced "und denominational" revivalists to such localities as may desire them. Lord Radstock, the English peer who has held religious meetings in various parts of the Continent, has lately held a revival service in Nottingham, and will labor in other parts of England. In London there is an active "Civil Service Prayer Union," which numbers nearly three hundred members. It was organized four years ago. It meets every Monday, and holds also a quarterly-meeting. There are similar societies for lawyers, bankers, and the army and navy. Open-air services are held on Sabbath afternoons in the public places of resort in London, and are productive of much good.

—In nearly every European nation the Jesuits are arrayed against the secular authorities, and in some countries the conflict is thickening, and threatens the overthrow before long of either the papal or the national power. The recent defeat in the French Senate of the Education Bill, which restores to the State the sole right to grant academic decrees, is somewhat discouraging to the liberal party; but it is far from being conclusive. The vote was a tie, and its influence was modified by the prompt adoption by the Lower House of a resolution of confidence in the ministry. It is announced that Mr. Waddington will bring forward his

bill again next session. Meanwhile the popular agitation on the subject continues. In Belgium the government is barely able to keep the irritated Protestant populace from further riotous outrages on the Romish clergy. In the Tyrol, the priests are persecuting the Protestants; while in Belfast, Ireland, the military have been called out to quell a "religious" mob, stirred by fanatics of both parties. In Germany there is, perhaps, less excitement than hitherto; but an order lately issued by the Minister of Public Worship, directing that all orphanages at present under the exclusive control of Roman Catholic communities, shall be placed under lay direction, shows that the peace between the priests and the government is more apparent than real. The state of affairs in Spain is equally unsatisfactory to Ultramontanes and Liberals. The "religious liberty," so recently promised to Protestants, amounts to but little more than the petty privilege of private worship, under irksome restrictions, and in places to which Romanists are prohibited entrance. Italy, however, seems bent on giving the poor old Pope more anxiety than all his other unruly children. Measures have been taken by all departments of the government to limit the power of the ecclesiastics. A commission to inquire into Church expenditure has been appointed under a royal decree. Its duties are to inquire into all ecclesiastical disbursements and receipts, and to propose plans for the regulation of expenditure on public worship. More threatening than this is a bill "to repress the abuses of the clergy," which has been brought by the Italian Ministry into the Chamber of Deputies. A "minister of religion" who disturbs "the public conscience, or the peace of families," will, according to this bill, be punished with fine and imprisonment. A minister who, in a public discourse, expressly censures, or by other act outrages the laws or institutions of the state, will be fined and imprisoned. A like penalty will be visited on ministers of religion who shall exercise acts of external worship contrary to the regulations made by the government. They are also made liable for other offenses to the ordinary penalties, "augmented by a grade." This movement, we are told, creates "a profound uneasi-

ness" among the Romanists, and "will inevitably result in a collision between the Church and the state."

—The recent proclamation by the Prime Minister of Japan, appointing Sunday as a day of rest, is very popular with the liberal party, who seek to conform the customs of their nation to those of the great Western powers, and has greatly cheered the hearts of all interested in the Christianization of that wonderful island empire. The opposition shown is not greater than might be expected against any change so sudden and so radical. The advantage of the new law to Christian labor, and especially to preaching, in giving to missionaries a day that accords with the general public leisure, and audiences disengaged and ready to hear, is simply incalculable. The native Christians exhibit all the zeal of the apostolic Church in their efforts for the conversion of their idolatrous friends. Many prominent citizens have espoused Christianity, or declared themselves friendly to it. In Kobe, a Japanese Christian is chaplain of the city prison. The head of the Normal School for women in Tokio is a Wesleyan. A Japanese gentleman of high rank is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A large store has been opened in Tokio for the sale of Bibles and other Christian books in the language of the Japanese. There are now one hundred and fourteen Protestant missionaries in Japan.

—Bishop Haven is to sail from the port of New York for Liberia in October. The affairs of missions in that languishing land greatly need efficient episcopal supervision, and it is earnestly hoped that the good Bishop's visit will give a healthful impetus to the work. From the outset Liberian Methodism has barely held its own. The condition of the surrounding pagan tribes has been little improved by the neighborhood of the republic. Now, however, measures are talked of, looking toward the evangelization of the great interior; and before long, it is to be hoped, our Church will have one or more well-appointed and fruitful mission stations among the intelligent tribes of Upper Guinea.

—The "Livingstonia" mission colony, settled on the borders of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, has thus far fully realized

the hopes of the good men who projected it. The slave-traffic has been checked; and the kidnapping chieftains and Arab traders tremble at the presence of the Englishmen. Traces of the ravages of the slave-hunters abound. Much of the country is deserted. Forlorn groups of ruined huts and thousands of whitening skeletons mark the sites of villages recently populous. The remnant that escaped live in villages built on piles in the lake, or cower among the rocks. It is estimated that for many years from fifteen to twenty thousand slaves have been annually exported from this district. The lake reaches much farther northward than Dr. Livingstone thought. It has a coast line of nearly eight hundred miles. The water is very deep. Lofty mountains border the upper end, and the scenery is of rare grandeur and loveliness. The native tribes, though degraded, are intelligent; the soil is marvelously fertile, and there is good reason to hope that these pioneers of Christian civilization will be eminently successful, and that before many years have passed away that distant wilderness shall be made to bud and blossom as the rose.

—The Dunkards are a very thrifty and a very peculiar sect of German-Americans, living chiefly in Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, and Ohio. They recently had a great religious gathering at Rehersburg, in Western Pennsylvania, when about twenty-five hundred came together. Their banquet consisted largely of meat soup, eaten by the brothers and sisters in separate groups of three, each of the three having a separate spoon, but dipping in the same bowl. The feast was held in the basement of a large building whose upper story is a big sleeping-room, and the first floor a church. In the church every brother speaks if he wants to, but no sister. They wear the plainest of clothing. Women, young and old, dress alike, chiefly in calico gowns, straight up and down without ruffle, with cape at the neck and a white kerchief, and a plain white cap, covering the entire head. The men wear homespun, fastened by hooks and eyes. They dress their hair long, part it in the middle, and comb it back of the ears. They are illiterate and superstitious, but are esteemed good citizens.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE *Centennial*, with its all-pervading influence, appears to be especially and effectively present in our current literature. We have had restated, with variations, all the great events of the "times that tried men's souls;" and the heroic deeds of the men of '76 have been made to do service again for the inspiration of the grandchildren of the original actors; and in some one or more of the many possible ways the tinge and taste of the events of "a hundred years ago" make themselves manifest in the literature of the day. But just now we have in hand in the shape of the New York *Tribune Extra*, No. 33, a pamphlet of sixty-four closely printed pages, a package of the concentrated essence of the *Fourth of July*. It is made up of five orations delivered on the great centennial day by as many of our most renowned orators,—Evarts, Storrs, Adams, Beecher, and Winthrop,—and of poems for the same occasion by such recognized poets as Bayard Taylor, Holmes, Bryant, and Whittier,—certainly a formidable as well as a most hopeful array of oratorical and poetical genius.

Of the poetry, though all of it is respectable, not much need be said. It was written to order; and since the Muses seldom fulfill engagements made for them, poetry made to order usually has the Muses' part left out. None of these pieces will sensibly elevate the renown of their authors, nor will the whole together enrich, to any perceptible degree, our nation's patriotic literature. Mr. Taylor's "National Ode," delivered at the great national celebration at Philadelphia, is, as the occasion required that it should be, a grand production, elevated in thought, brilliant in its imagery, and grandly solemn in its movements. It certainly has not a few real excellences, and its faults may not be either obvious or flagrant; and yet we predict that it will not achieve immortality, nor win any high place in our literature. The shorter pieces of Holmes, Bryant, and Whittier, each written for its special occasion, are all fairly good, but none of them remarkable.

The five orators whose addresses are here

given are all of them stars of the first magnitude. Two of them, however, those of Messrs. Adams and Beecher, are not, as oratorical productions, equal to the best that their authors have produced on other occasions, but still they are able, spirited, and clever. The other three certainly rose to the high level of their theme, and the results justify the largest expectations that may have been indulged in respect to them. They all of them belong to the same general class of scholarly men,—learned and severely classical in their tastes and utterances,—chaste, yet ornate and fervid in style; while all alike, but each with his own specific variations, displaying the same earnest patriotism, broad philosophy, wise philanthropy, and perfect poise of mind, united with a deep and earnest conscientiousness. The American public had the right to expect much from them, and most grandly have they answered to the largest demands.

Mr. Evarts had the honor to be chosen chief orator at the great Centennial Celebration of the Fourth of July, at Philadelphia. His theme, "What the Age Owes to America," was happily chosen, and it was most successfully elaborated. Rising above the mere accidents and incidents of the times of the Revolution, and considering the actors in those affairs as their agents rather than projectors, he showed the American Revolution to have been simply a marked stage in the developments of the age. The greatness of the work they were doing was but faintly appreciated by themselves, and in its performance "they builded better than they knew." The set time for the inauguration of a new political system had come,—a system based not upon the vested rights of the few to rule over the many for the rulers' profit, but upon the natural and inalienable rights of all men, and having the best interests of the governed for its chief design; and it is the highest possible praise of the men of those times, that they were found equal to the occasion. They built upon the only sure foundation,—the natural rights of men,—and the century's

growth and development have abundantly justified their doings. In treating his theme and depicting the wonderful growth of the country, especially in culture and intellectual wealth, in spite of the severity of his critical taste and the transparent conciseness of his statements of facts and principles, the speaker's style became impassioned and ornate, and his periods rounded into a deep musical sonorosity. The occasion, the subject, and the speaker's conceptions, seem to have blended into the most complete and affluent harmony.

Dr. R. S. Storrs's oration was delivered in the Academy of Music, in New York City, on the occasion of the city's celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July. His special theme was, "The Rise of Constitutional Liberty." In the person of Dr. Storrs the American nation possesses and presents a specimen of the very best results of its own form of civilization,—himself a Puritan of the Puritans, who, in laying aside the narrowness of his ancestral traditions, has not let go their elevated and unyielding moral and political integrity. He too traced our national liberties to a source much older than the times of a hundred years ago, and granted that while they are eminently and specifically American, yet they existed before our country had a being, and like many others of our best things, the germs of our liberties were brought from beyond the sea. Beginning with the events of Runnymede, and the signing of *Magna Charta*, when English constitutional liberty first took form, he came next to the Petition of Rights presented by the nobles and commons of England to Charles I,—a petition in name and style, but in fact a stern demand from men conscious of their own manhood; a third scene of the same spirit and character is next presented in the signing of the American Declaration of Independence, at Philadelphia, a hundred years ago. But while these scenes are so much alike in their spirit and purpose, in their outward aspects they are contrasts rather than parallels. The English proceedings were in both cases attended with gorgeous and imposing ceremonials, while the American was distinguished only for its simplicity and the entire absence of whatever might appeal to the imagination. Less than fifty plain men, little known to fame even

in their own land, were met together in a very plain building, to consider a proposition that contemplated the separation of the British colonies of this continent from the home government; but in assigning their reason for the action that they had resolved to take, they uttered words and enunciated principles that have given another face to human society. American liberty, he asserts, is indeed of English origin, but transplanted into American soil and nurtured in the free atmosphere of the New World it has here attained to its largest and noblest development. The orator's personal sympathy with his theme gave a marked vivacity to his utterances, as he seemed to speak with the double inspiration of a statesman and a seer.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop's oration was delivered in the city of Boston, and is a rapid sketch of "A Century of Self-government." He first passes the great men of the Revolutionary period in review, as the heroic and favored agents of a great people, resolved to be free, in leading them into the possession of their rightful heritage. The Declaration of Independence was simply the assertion of the divine right of the American people to be free, but it was made in such a form as to declare the same right for all men, of whatever age or nation; and it became a reality because it only gave a voice to the deep, though often half-unconscious, convictions of the people. The experience of a hundred years has confirmed their truth and demonstrated their fruitfulness. And while with the thoughtfulness of a veteran statesman he sees and confesses that the records of our national career are not always assuring, yet the whole course has been onward and upward, and yet it gives hope for a long and indefinite future. "Let me not seem to arrogate for my country any thing of superior wisdom or virtue. Who will pretend that we have always made the most of our independence or the best of our liberty? Who will maintain that we have always exhibited the brightest side of our institutions or always intrusted their administration to the wisest or worthiest men? Who will deny that we have sometimes taught the world what to avoid as well as what to imitate; and that the cause of freedom and reform has sometimes been discouraged and

put back by our shortcomings, or by our excesses? Our light has been at best but a revolving light, warning by its darker intervals or by its somber shades, as well as cheering by its flashes of brilliancy, or by the clear luster of its steadier shining. Yet, in spite of all its imperfections and irregularities, to no other earthly light have so many eyes been turned; from no other earthly illumination have so many hearts drawn hope and courage. It has breasted the tides of sectional and party strife. It has stood the shock of foreign and of civil war. It will still hold on, erect and unextinguished, defying 'the returning wave' of demoralization and corruption."

THOUGH much has heretofore been written and published in respect to that oldest and newest of the nations, our island neighbor lying west of the Pacific—Japan—yet have we waited till now for an adequate account of that wonderful country; and now at length the desideratum is supplied. An American scholar, Professor W. E. Griffis, formerly of New Brunswick, N. J., after eight years of living contact with those people, chiefly in Japan, and among circumstances and holding relations the most favorable possible for becoming acquainted with the people and their country, and also with their history and institutions, has embodied the results of his observations in a compactly written octavo, which the Harpers have prepared and issued in becoming style.* And though almost absolutely free from all attempts at display, and alike simple in its style and evidently truthful in its statements, yet is it a romance of reality. The subjects here brought so clearly into view, are full of lively interest to almost every class of modern scholars. Here are studies for the geologist, the botanist, and the zoölogist, the anthropologist and the ethnologist, for the sociologist and the philologist, for the historian and the political economist, and beyond all others, for the Christian believer and the missionary. A history reaching

back over twenty-five centuries is here given in a little more than three hundred pages, and even this is more than all that has been heretofore possessed; and it is real history, full of life and naturalness, all going to show that not only are these long secluded islanders much like other people, but also that in their peculiarities they approach strangely near to our own people. Certainly there is something more than a fancy to warrant the application to them of the term Yankees of the East or West, as the reader may prefer. They have a spirit of progress very like that of our own.

The self-chosen and self-imposed isolation of the Japanese from the entire outside world for ages and till just now is among the strange facts of human history, excelled in marvelousness only by their recent abandonment of that policy, and their eagerness to become assimilated in all things to the people of Europe and America. That an old nation, with prescriptive laws, usages, and religion, and with a history going back into a remote antiquity, should all at once consent to change all these, and in their stead to accept those of strangers hitherto almost entirely unknown or known only to be held in contempt, is certainly passing strange; yet all this is simply the facts here presented to us. Hereafter let no amount of antecedent improbability stand in the way of our faith in possible changes. The history of Christianity in Japan is marvelous. Its introduction by Xavier three centuries ago, presents a strange mixture of fanaticism and fidelity to a cause deemed the most sacred; and the attendant circumstances show how completely religion and morality had, at that time, become divorced in the Romish Church. In respect to the terrible persecutions that at length attempted the extirpation of Christianity one's sympathies are divided between the parties in the fearful drama. There was certainly much cause for the intense hatred of the Japanese against the nominal Christianity that had been introduced into their country, but even in that corrupt form it proved itself impressible; and among the unexpected things found in Japan are large numbers of professing Christians, the successors of those of former centuries whom the fires of persecution have failed to destroy.

* *The Mikado's Empire*, Book I. History of Japan from 660 B. C. to 1872 A. D. Book II. Personal Experiences, Observations, and Studies in Japan, 1870-74. By William Griffis, A. M., late of the Imperial University of Takao, Japan. (New York, Harper & Brothers, 8vo. pp. 525.)

OUR Methodist people seem not to be deterred by any apostolical suggestions about observing "times and seasons," especially when they come in the form of centennials. They celebrated one in 1839, in memory of the founding of the first of Mr. Wesley's "societies." Then in 1866 they celebrated most heartily and effectively the centenary of American Methodism; and now, with characteristic patriotism, they not only unite with others to celebrate the great Centennial of American Independence, but with this they unite a commemoration of God's good dealings with them as a denomination during the past century, which so nearly measures their own ecclesiastical history. As proof and fruit of this we have before us two books, and a sermon in pamphlet,* the latter the representative of a very large class. All these are intended to celebrate the same things as displayed in the wonderful progress of American Methodism during these hundred years.

In the first of these Rev. Mr. Wood (of the Philadelphia Conference) devotes his attention especially to the claims of his Church to the praise of liberality and loyalty to American ideas, in doing which, according to our thinking, he makes out a pretty clear case. He has his own way of construing certain facts in Methodist history, and of interpreting some things in its economy, around which gather questions that are as old as Methodism itself, and in all these things he is consistently, if not always logically, liberal. Perhaps some things that he has written, if read without his own

enthusiasm, may seem like boasting; but in such a record the plainest statements of facts are the most wonderful parts.

Bishop Simpson's book has more the form of annals in which the Church's progress is indicated by years or decades, with condensed statements of the doctrines, usages, economy, and institutions of Methodism,—or more properly of the Methodist Episcopal Church,—as viewed from an official standpoint; and as so viewed, they present a somewhat different aspect from that seen by Rev. Mr. Wood's unofficial eyes. The Bishop writes cheerily and hopefully, in doing which he is certainly justified by the facts that he gives. Though these two volumes traverse nearly the same path, yet each has its own character, and, because of the abundance of the materials at hand, there is very little sameness of matter.

The sermon of Dr. Warren is about "progress," with due admixture of laudations and deprecations, eulogies and censures, ending, of course, in prophecies of greater things to come. It is a creditable production, of which its authorship is a sufficient warrant, and quite readable, even though the subject is just the least bit hackneyed. All these are books for the time, and are destined by that fact to pass away like the leaves in Autumn.

JUST as episodes of history are more entertaining to the reader than general history, and as a description of one's native land is of more interest than details of other countries, so the accounts of places which have only local importance are of greater concern to their inhabitants than to strangers; yet local histories have a general value and deserve a place in every large library. In his *History of Saint Paul*, the author, J. Fletcher Williams, has gathered together a large amount of materials to serve for a history of Minnesota, embracing notices of the pioneer settlers, the first land-owners, merchants, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and others, and a general summary of the city's progress and present condition. Many of the details are personal narratives recorded by the writer himself from the lips of the oldest inhabitants, or collected from rare documents and manuscripts in his possession. The book was with him only a labor of love.

* *Methodism and the Centennial of American Independence*; or, the Loyal and Liberal Services of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the First Century of the History of the United States; with a Brief History of the Various Branches of Methodism, and full Statistical Tables. By Rev. E. M. Wood, Ph. D. (New York, Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. pp. 414.)

A Hundred Years of Methodism. By Matthew Simpson, D. D., LL. D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (New York, Nelson & Phillips; Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. pp. 369.)

Past Success.—Future Possibilities. A Centennial Sermon, delivered before the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, April 6, 1876. By Rev. H. W. Warren, D. D. Published by request of the Conference. (New York, Nelson & Phillips.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PRESIDING ELDER QUESTION.

SOME things seem to be destined to be forever put down, or slain, and yet to be perpetually reappearing again and again, to receive the same treatment. Emerson's little poem entitled "Brahma" tells of a process of slaying that needs to be forever renewed, and Burns's story of "John Barley-corn" shows how that little magician lived to conquer after he had been most thoroughly vanquished and put beneath the soil. So Methodism seems to have its own irrepressible demon (?) in the shape of the presiding elder question, which has been thrice three times put to rest, but, like some other buried things, seems to have a strange way of coming back to life, and of plaguing its destroyers. It has, indeed, had its ups and downs, its times of comparative quiet, and of persistent importunity, and just now one of the latter epochs seems to be upon it. It has often been exorcised with solemn forms, and quite as often pooh-poohed away as unworthy of notice; but still it comes again, like the return of the plague, or the showers of meteors, or the visitations of the comets, or still more like some troubled ghost that asks to be recognized and granted some small favor, that it may thenceforth repose in peace.

The presiding elder question demands to be recognized and discussed. Is the demand a reasonable one? Certainly its irrepressibility ought to secure for it the most thorough examination, that its requirements, if not well based, may be silenced; or if in any thing its claims are just, that these may be rendered. This subject was somewhat discussed at the late General Conference, and every body says it was done ably and in good spirit, and yet it may be doubted whether, at the end of the two days' debate, any body felt that the full merits of the subject had been presented. It was impossible that, in the circumstances, any such thoroughness of examination should have been had, and perhaps had only one or two speakers represented each side, an incomparably more satisfactory statement of the case could have been given in the same length of time; and

yet it was not an inconsiderable achievement on the part of the agitators for "reform" that the subject was fully brought into notice and compelled to be recognized as a reality. The bishops called attention to it in their address or message at the opening of the session, and devoted a large paragraph to an apologetic statement of their administration in respect to the office, and sufficiently clearly indicated their disfavor toward the demands made for changes of methods in the case. A large proportion of the constituent ecclesiastical bodies whose representatives made up the General Conference had sent memorials to that body about the presiding elder question, while in untold informal ways the matter had been before the public mind of Methodism. A very large committee, representing every part of the Church, had incubated upon it for three long weeks, and the outcome had been two inharmonious reports, which, coming together into the arena, formed the points of the conflict around which the debates clustered.

The objective points aimed at by the opposing parties were, on the one hand, to do nothing,—to leave things as they have been, and to remand the restless spirit that asks for change back to its *limbus*; on the other side it was asked that a greater share of directing authority should be given to the annual conferences in respect to the incumbents and the workings of the office in question. On the part of the favorers of non-action, it was asserted that the subject was one over which the General Conference had no authority,—that this whole matter was a sacred prerogative of the episcopacy, secured to that arm of the Church beyond all intermeddling of the annual or General Conference in the ordinary course of Church action. This was indeed the strong tower of the conservative partisans of prerogatives and of centralized power, and while it was most emphatically urged that such was the law in the case, and therefore the whole subject was determined by that fact, it was also pleaded that that arrangement of the matter was the best possible. The wisdom of the

fathers had so decreed and determined, and it would be impertinent and presumptuous in the men of the present time to call their wisdom in question. Those who had long worn the livery of the office received from above themselves were earnest in their assertion of its superexcellence. Brave young men ostentatiously confessed that as Methodist ministers they were under a "yoke," which they now bore cheerfully, but which would be intolerable to be borne except for their devotion to their work, which, however, they declared demanded of them the sacrifice. One, whose wide observation of men and things, and especially in the walks of political life, seemed to entitle his views to unusual respect, solemnly admonished his peers of the danger of too much liberty, and of the great advantages of the "one-man power," while

Ill fares the State where many masters rule;

and using arguments that a Hildebrand would have applauded or a Loyola reduced to practice, pleaded that the powers of government in the Church should be concentrated as closely as possible in its center. It was assumed, with an assurance that seemed to scout at contradiction, that in the hands of Methodist preachers the exercise of the power of electors is an almost unmitigated curse, that should be kept within the closest possible bounds; that, in proportion to its use, it is uniformly, and often shamefully and corruptly, abused, and therefore *appointments* from above are every-where preferable to election by one's peers. It was also earnestly contended that since the Church had prospered for so long a time under its present modes of administration, therefore it might be fairly pleaded that its prosperity had resulted from its administrative policy,—which line of argument, applied a few years ago, would have forbidden the institution of theological schools and foreign missions and lay delegation, and whatever else has come into use since "the fathers fell asleep."

The party that asked for a change in certain matters relating to the presiding eldership approached the subject very modestly, almost timidly, and seemed disposed to ask the least possible, while not wholly giving up the case without a conflict. In the de-

bates, however, they plucked up courage somewhat, and pressed some of their arguments rather sharply. They first of all claimed that the whole matter was clearly within the legitimate power of the General Conference to modify, amend, or utterly abolish the office of presiding elder, as might be deemed wise and expedient; and in support of this position they cited both the manifest meaning of the words of the law, and its interpretation by its original framers, and the steady practice of the General Conference from the beginning in modifying the appointing powers of the bishop in a variety of ways. It was further said that since the presiding elders constitute the chief element, both numerically and in respect to the work done, of the superintendency, any reason for electing bishops would apply, with still greater force, in favor of electing presiding elders. It was also emphatically asserted that for the maintenance of a proper self-respect in the ministers, and of a just appreciation of the dignity of their office, the members of the annual conference should be practiced in the exercise of governmental power; that the chief ministers should be subject to their brethren, and that if indeed the labors of the ministry must be accepted as a "yoke," that each one should be allowed to select the hand that shall impose it. It was also denied that the presiding eldership had worked smoothly in the past history of the Church, but quite the opposite, and it was asserted that at length so unwelcome and unsatisfactory had it become, that its restoration to effectiveness and respectability demanded the most heroic treatment.

The only vote upon the subject having any real significance was that which proposed to substitute the report of the minority of the committee for that of the majority,—as the former proposed to take a very short step forward, while the latter, practically aimed to do nothing. In that vote the party of reform counted nearly two-fifths of the members of the body; and as they had contested their ground rather feebly, they seemed at last surprised at the greatness of their numbers. There were those watching their proceedings who believed that a more incisive course of action on their part would have achieved greater results.

And so the presiding elder question came out of the General Conference of 1876, without having won a victory, the vote submitting some worthless and infinitesimal details to go through the course of a constitutional amendment being wholly unworthy of notice. But evidently this restless spirit is not yet put to rest, but it is still about, demanding to be heard with more than that New Testament widow's importunity. Its demands have become chronic, and their presence seems often to be felt when not consciously recognized. Driven to the fortress of the restrictive rule, the defenders of the high prerogatives appear to be especially intent upon strengthening that position, in which their opponents say they are oblivious alike of the plain sense of language, and the hitherto uncontroverted teachings of history. Perhaps the controversy will continue to wax and wane, to rise and fall, to disappear and come again for another hundred years; and possibly in some future contest the liberals will achieve a victory, and then the days of high prerogatives would cease forever, and most to be feared of all, perhaps,—only a remote *perhaps*,—the Methodist ministers of some future generation may weary of the "yoke" that is now borne so heroically and ostentatiously by some, and begin to inquire in a practical way, whether the highest service of the Church demands the sinking of their individuality and self-respect.

OUR centennial speakers and writers have somewhat conspicuously avoided making references to one rather numerous and decidedly considerable class of the American people of a hundred years ago,—those who, for whatever cause, maintained their allegiance to the British crown, in the face of the prevailing flood of the Revolution. Perhaps it has been felt that even in this era of good feeling charity itself would ask no more in their behalf than silence and a friendly oblivion. Under the style of "Tories,"—a name that at length came to express all possible forms and degrees of political odiousness,—they were in their time stigmatized without stint or measure, reason or justice. A few of our American writers have formed exceptions to the general tirade of censure and obloquy that has been so freely cast upon them. It is something

hopeful that the term of a hundred years has at last secured for them a truce of the popular odium and the denunciations of all classes of politicians,—whether patriots or selfish demagogues. Another century may suffice to secure for them a fair hearing before the tribunal of public opinion.

At the beginning of the agitation that resulted in our national independence nearly every body professed the strongest devotion to the British government; and until carried beyond their own purposes by the current of affairs, the more intelligent and substantial of the colonists, outside of New England and Virginia,—the two focuses of the rebellion,—were very generally opposed to any open and flagrant breach with the mother country. To this they were prompted by two decidedly commendable classes of motives. They believed that the rebellion would prove ruinous to its promoters and destructive of the best interests of the country; and they also entertained a deep and abiding affection for "home," as they were accustomed to denominate their father-land. Men of careful and conservative tempers dreaded the costs of such a conflict as certainly stood in the way of a revolution, even if it should succeed, which to such minds must have seemed exceedingly doubtful. And then what if they should succeed in achieving independence, would the case be any better? Distrust of the people is the almost universal sentiment of those who hold and exercise authority,—and, indeed, among all with whom the reflective faculties are stronger than the impulsive. The rabble, who have nothing to lose, and who are instinctively opposed to those above them, and ready to destroy what they despair of possessing, are the natural promoters of revolutions; but the more elevated class is usually inclined to heed the admonition of the wise man: "My son, fear thou the Lord and the king, and meddle not with those who are given to change." Probably this "better class" was, at the beginning of the troubles, also the more numerous, except in the particular colonies named; but the current of affairs at length carried them quite beyond their original purposes, and made a return impossible.

Until the Declaration of Independence, loyalty, whether from expediency or duty, was on the side of the mother country,—but

that event changed every thing, and compelled every one to choose between two antagonistic causes. As was the case at the beginning of the recent "unpleasantness" in the South, the many yielded to the sweeping current, and cast in their lots with the more extreme party; but a less impressible few resisted and suffered the consequences in the shape of proscriptions and confiscations, and all kinds of personal indignities, and at last of exile among the snows of Canada and the fogs and frosts of Nova Scotia. They were, necessarily, but very inadequately compensated by the British Government for their pecuniary losses, while for their sufferings and privations no recompense could be given them. But at length, like the exiles from ancient Troy, they made themselves homes in the lands of their banishment, and built up local communities that are to-day among the very best of the political and social elements of the Dominion. After the return of peace, the rigor of the laws against their class, and the fierceness of partisan violence in "the States," having somewhat abated, not a few of the exiles returned again and regained their possessions, and became loyal and patriotic citizens. Should the genealogies of some of our most valuable citizens be carefully inquired into in respect to the political preferences of their ancestors of a hundred years ago, it would no doubt be found that not a very few of them are the descendants of the loyalists of 1776. Let the Centennial prove, indeed, the date of their completed amnesty.

AMONG the few events in current public affairs which will have a more lasting significance than the petty partisanship of the day is the closing act of the trial under impeachment of General Belknap, late Secretary of War, for official corruption, which occurred about the first of August. The guilt of the accused party was made as clear as the noonday, and yet he was not found guilty by the high tribunal—the United States Senate—before which he was tried. As he had ceased to be a public officer, and was simply a private citizen when he was impeached for official corruption, the jurisdiction of the court over the case was called in question; and though a majority of the

Senate held that it had jurisdiction, yet a minority sufficiently large to prevent conviction held otherwise, and at last refused to go beyond what they believed to be their proper authority, and so the confessedly guilty ex-officer escaped. Could the case be separated from the party issues of the day, which, harpy-like, tear and defile whatever they touch, it would afford some curious and instructive themes for speculation. A respectable majority of the Senate of the United States, decidedly the most august body in the nation, persistently maintained their right and power under the Constitution to try, convict, and punish a private citizen for crimes committed while in a public office which he now no longer held. A minority of more than one-third held the contrary, and acting as in duty bound, in obedience to their individual opinions, they refused to convict, though the facts charged were not called in question. A question both interesting and curious must arise in respect to the force of this decision as to the jurisdiction of the court in this and similar cases. Has the court decided *for or against* its own jurisdiction in such cases? Is it hereafter to be accepted that an ex-officer is not liable to impeachment for malfeasance in office? or shall it continue to be the case that impeachments may be made by the House of Representatives, which a majority of the Senate may entertain, and proceed to examine at length, and then the whole matter be thrown out by a dissenting minority for want of jurisdiction? Such might seem to be a grave and dignified proceeding, as viewed by the honorable bodies concerned, but to our vision it seems very much like a farce.

In such cases we laymen of the law may have to confess the worthlessness of our own opinions; and yet we will venture a few suggestions. It seems to us that the design of the law of impeachment for official corruption is not punishment, but the protection of the public service. It might happen but for that law that a corrupt public official could hold on to his place and defy the power of the government to remove him, except by the slow and uncertain processes of the ordinary courts, or, if a subordinate in the executive department, he might be protected by his superior, and held in his

place in spite of whatever charges might be brought against him. The law of impeachment guards against such abuses; and to do this seems to be its whole purpose, since its utmost penalties extend only to removal from office and disqualification for official position in the future. This last is the only semblance of punishment in the power of the court of impeachment in the case of one no longer in office, and evidently that punitive element comes in incidentally, and because of the necessity of protecting the public service against convicted wrongdoers. The punishment due to political corruption is provided for, both as to the ascertaining of the guilt and the meting out of the penalty, by an entirely different process, and before another kind of tribunal. It may be presumed, therefore, that when the dust and smoke of partisan conflict shall have cleared away from this henceforth to be celebrated case, all will rejoice that the countervailing minority has saved our constitutional jurisprudence from a flagrant case of self-stultification.

ABOUT HYMNS AND HYMN-BOOKS.

Now that the General Conference has made provisions for the revival of the standard hymn-book, and a committee of presumably learned men, with large powers, has the matter in hand, every thing about hymns must be considered as in order,—though, indeed, that subject is one that seems never to be out of time. We therefore may venture one word in the general discussion.

As Methodists we are especially concerned with this thing, since the hymns used in their devotional singing were from the first a great power among the Methodists. And though somewhat of that power may have been lost with the decline of our early fervors and as part of the penalty resulting from increased æsthetic culture and of worldly conformity, still no doubt the hymn-book is, next to the Bible, our chief standard of doctrine, as certainly it is our best substitute for a ritual. The Church hymn-book is therefore, with us, relatively much more than with most others a matter of very great importance. The General Conference is forbidden to change our doctrinal standards, but it does not hesitate to change, at pleas-

ure, those most effective embodiments of our doctrines—our ritual and our hymns. This latter is, in fact, a system of Christian doctrines, but without dogmatism; of experience expressed without cant; and a manual of worship quite incapable of being frozen into formalism. A well-known critic on Wesley's hymns calls attention to the fact that portions of them have been repeated by the dying more frequently than any other language; and to a still larger extent have their clear and earnest expositions of the sinner's way of access to God adapted them to be the Spirit's instruments for leading penitents to the cross and the mercy-seat. Evidently then they who are to engage in the work of revising this book of Christian teachings, and of choosing the words in which prayer and praise, sorrow for sin, and hope and joy in Christ are to be expressed, have a very delicate work on their hands.

It has not always been sufficiently borne in mind by those charged with such matters, that not every religious poem is of course a hymn. Hymns are in fact a well defined and somewhat limited species of that class of productions, and quite another thing than either the ode, or the idyl, or the sonnet. "A good hymn," says Sir Roundel Palmer in the preface to his "Book of Praise," "should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling, a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial. Its language may be homely, but should not be slovenly or mean. Affectation, or visible artifice, is worse than excess of homeliness. Nor will the most exemplary soundness of doctrine atone for doggerel, or redeem from failure a prosaic didactic style." Tried by such rules a fearful expunging would be required in nearly all the standard hymn-books, and in the popular "Melodists" and "Songsters," the expurgation would be almost absolutely complete.

The hymnology of the English language is probably as rich as that of any other, ancient or modern. The German became very greatly enriched in this element in the times of the Reformation and the age next succeeding, and some of the best of our English hymns of the last century were either translations or imitations of some of those fine old German pieces. There were very few really

good hymns in our language, before the beginning of the last century,—when the muse of Cowper, Newton, and Doddridge struck a deeper poetical tone, and seemed to be inflamed with a more decidedly evangelical spirit. After these came Watts, the prince of British hymnists, and a little later the many sweet singers of the great Methodist revival, of whom Charles Wesley was not only the most voluminous, but also the most poetical as well as the most evangelical in doctrine and spirit. Since their times the Church has been favored with a succession of hymnists, many of them of real excellence, by whom the treasures of Christian song have been largely augmented, though no name stands out clearly in advance of all the rest. Out of these stores our revisers will be at liberty to make their selections; and probably they will most frequently be at a loss, by reason of the abundance of the available stores. And after all, it will be passing strange if their new collection shall not contain a large proportion of mediocre pieces.

It is certainly a very serious matter with which this committee is charged. They are to prescribe the language in which millions of the coming generation are to express their faith and hope, and to offer up their prayers and praises. Their work can not fail to affect the character of the religious life, not only of all Methodism, but of all evangelical Christendom, far down into the future. May their hearts be inspired with a spirit of devout carefulness, and may more than human wisdom direct them both in what they admit and what they exclude. New hymns are often like new wine, lively and pungent, but wanting in the highest excellences; or like new music that pleases for a little while, and then is laid aside. It is safest to let all such serve a pretty long probation outside of the standard books.

THE British Wesleyan Conference appears to have gone over most decidedly to the liberal side, as men and measures are classed among themselves, for there is a "High," and also a "Low" even in that body, which especially prides itself in asserting the real and practical parity of its ministers. The Presidency of the Conference is the highest apex of honor in the body, and of course it

is the goal of the ecclesiastical ambition of all whose self-appreciation enables them to hope for the position. To make that end possible for the largest number, it has become a usage among them to allow no re-elections, and so each year adds a new name to the list of ex-presidents, which, however, is steadily depleted by deaths. This year there had been a general understanding that the honor should be conferred upon Rev. W. B. Pope, who was the senior delegate to our General Conference, but the state of his health on his return home was such as to forbid him to assume the labors of the office. After him came two or three candidates who seem to have about equally shared the favors of their brethren. Dr. J. H. Rigg, a name well known in this country, who was Mr. Pope's associate delegate, and Professor Coley, theological tutor at Didsbury, an eminent scholar and one of the most eminent of the younger members of their body, were each put forward by their friends as candidates for the next year's primacy, and both of them made a good record in the race. But the winner in the race was still another, Rev. Alexander Macauley, a Scotsman of some fifty years old, a man gifted with the usual positiveness of character of his countrymen, and a thorough liberal in both civil and ecclesiastical polity. He visited this country in 1872, and will be favorably remembered by those who then enjoyed the privilege of making his acquaintance. He has devoted the greater part of the years of his ministry to the work of city evangelization and Church extension in London, and to him is properly due no small share of the praise to be given for the growth of Methodism in that metropolis during the last ten or more years. He was the recognized leader on the floor of the conference of the most liberal section,—the left wing,—a republican (though loyal to the queen), a lay-delegationist, which term in the Wesleyan Church means all it says, and a total abstinent, in both theory and practice. Probably so pronounced a "Radical" could not have been chosen had a clear majority of votes been necessary, but as the rule of choice by plurality prevails in the body, and as there were, besides, two pretty evenly matched contestants, by the united influence of his liberalism and his personal popularity he outran

both of his competitors, and now an out and out "progressive" occupies the seat of John Wesley and Jabez Bunting and Thomas Jackson. Surely the world moves, and in the world of British Wesleyanism, the course of the drift is not all uncertain.

Another equally significant fact was the election of Rev. John Bond, superintendent of Great Queen Street Circuit, to a place in the "Legal Hundred." Mr. Bond, though less prominent in the conference, is quite as thoroughly radical in his liberalism as is the new President. He is informally associated with the liberalist newspaper, *The Methodist*, which seems to be set for the defense and promotion of every advance movement; and he is also an active member of the "Liberation Society," an association that is seeking to bring about the disestablishment of the Church of England. His zeal and activity in that work brought him into trouble a little over a year since for having spoken, at the anniversary of the "Liberation Society;" he was called to account before his District meeting, and his conduct disapproved. The matter was taken up for review at the next session of the conference, and at its conclusion, Mr. Bond and his friends felt that they had gained rather than lost. His election to the "Hundred," probably had some relation to those matters.

It is gratifying to see that while loosening the bonds of ecclesiasticism, the Wesleyan body is increasing in spiritual power, and in numbers also, the latter evidently resulting from the former. In theory the government of British Methodism, as to the body of the ministers, is of the most liberal kind, but it has been suspected that it has not always been such in practice. But however that may have been in the past, it is quite evident that at this time it occupies the extreme *left* in the assembly of all the Methodisms.

THE commissioners appointed severally by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, together constituting a "high Joint Commission," to-wit: Revs. M. D'C. Crawford, E. Q. Fuller, and J. P. Newman, and Messrs. E. L. Fancher and C. B. Fisk of the former, and Revs. E. H. Myers, R. K. Hargrove, and T. M. Finney, and Messrs. David CLOPTON and R. B. Vance of the lat-

ter, assembled at Cape May, N. J., on the 14th of last August and adjourned on the 23d, having successfully completed the work consigned to them. That work, as indicated in the report of the joint commission, was to "remove all obstacles to formal fraternity, and to adjust all existing difficulties between them." In respect to the first of these it had seemed to outsiders that "formal fraternity" must have been already established, since, at the last General Conference of each of the two bodies fraternal delegates from the other has been received, with all due formality. The "difficulties" that needed to be "adjusted," seem to have related chiefly to church edifices or other property, in respect to which there were disputed claims of proprietorship. The general rule adopted,—probably the best possible,—is much like what has often appeared in treaties of peace between belligerents: Let the war cease and each party hold on to what it has on hand. And in this case probably no more equitable judgment was practicable. The war had probably ceased in nearly all cases, and the action of the committee simply says, "let us have peace." It is not difficult to foresee, however, that the *proviso* added may lead to difficulties in some cases, since majorities of Church members, as of other kinds of voters, may be made up in a variety of ways. The "rule," with its *proviso*, is in these words:

Rule 1. In cases not adjudicated upon by the Joint Commission, any society of either Church constituted according to its Discipline, now occupying the Church property, shall remain in possession thereof; *provided*, that where there is now in the same place a society of more members attached to the other Church, and which has hitherto claimed the use of the property, the latter shall be entitled to possession.

A second rule or resolution recommends what would probably suggest itself to any one really devising an adjustment, that all cases of controversy between local Churches of the two bodies shall be submitted to friendly arbitration—the parties to abide the results. These rules are good, and they have already been brought into practice in many cases,—probably nearly all that have arisen. Still it may be well that the moral force,—for it is only a moral and not a legal power that it could exercise,—of the

approval of the Commission should be annexed. As to the Methodistic *status* of each of the two Churches, and especially of the Church South, they say:

Each of said Churches is a legitimate branch of Episcopal Methodism in the United States, having a common origin in the Methodist Episcopal Church organized in 1784, and since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South was consummated in 1845, by the voluntary exercise of the right of the Southern Annual Conferences, ministers and members, to adhere to that communion, it has been an evangelical Church, reared on Scriptural foundations, and her ministers and members, with those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have constituted one Methodist family in distinct ecclesiastical connections.

In 1872, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church said, "recognizing that Church [the Methodist Episcopal Church South], and its people as a portion of the great Christian and Methodist family, we wish them abundant success in their efforts to promote the cause of Christ and his Gospel," which seems to be even more comprehensive than that of the commission. Just what constitutes *legitimacy* in Methodism might be made a question, but it may be hoped that the terms of communion will not be made unnecessarily close.

The feature in the report of the commissioners that will probably be the most criticised is their practical and more than negative ignoring of all other Methodist bodies than their own, and the constant emphasizing the prefix "Episcopal," in naming their Churches severally or conjointly, as if these two were the only *Episcopal* Methodist bodies in the land, or as if there were no non-Episcopal Methodist bodies to be recognized and comprehended in their all-abounding churchly and Christian fraternity. We are quite willing to believe that all this was without any evil design; but if so, it is nevertheless to be regretted. The reference to the apostles going forth by *twos*, and the figure of "dual stars" seems to discriminate against other Methodist bodies, both Episcopal and non-Episcopal, which may justly claim for themselves at least a recognition. The shape in which this comes is

unfortunate, since it may be construed as purposely slighting the colored Methodist Episcopal Churches on account of the caste odium, and the Albrights, and the United Brethren, as too poor to be noticed, and the non-Episcopal Methodist Church because of their form of Church polity. Here, too, we are willing to believe that the intent was better than the possible seeming. And the liability to such a suspicion will be increased by the further fact,—itself most unfortunate, though perhaps entirely undesigned,—that every one of the five commissioners from the Methodist Episcopal Church were of the same school of Methodist Church politicians, though the opposite party comprised a large and respectable minority of the General Conference. It would have been well if in issuing a document designed to close up forever a breach between the two most numerous branches of the Methodist family in America, its form of utterances had been such that all classes and sections in those bodies could have said Amen to every word and sentence, and also that in celebrating the restored fraternity of those two due respect could have been shown to all others who may be equally entitled to respectful recognition.

The most cheering fact about this whole business is that it is itself a sign and result of that larger and more comprehensive spirit of Christian charity that is permeating and pervading the evangelical Churches of Christendom. It is valuable much less for what it does than for what it signifies as already accomplished, and as yet in progress, of the growth of true Christian fraternity among Christians, and the disregarding of ecclesiastical bounds in its exercise. And especially do Methodists of every class and kind ecclesiastically owe it to themselves and to each other, and to their common form of religious faith and experience, heartily and practically to recognize their common kindred as more nearly related than are other Christian bodies to any of them. With good hope that this result will be furthered, though only indirectly, by the action of this Commission, we rejoice that its session has been held.

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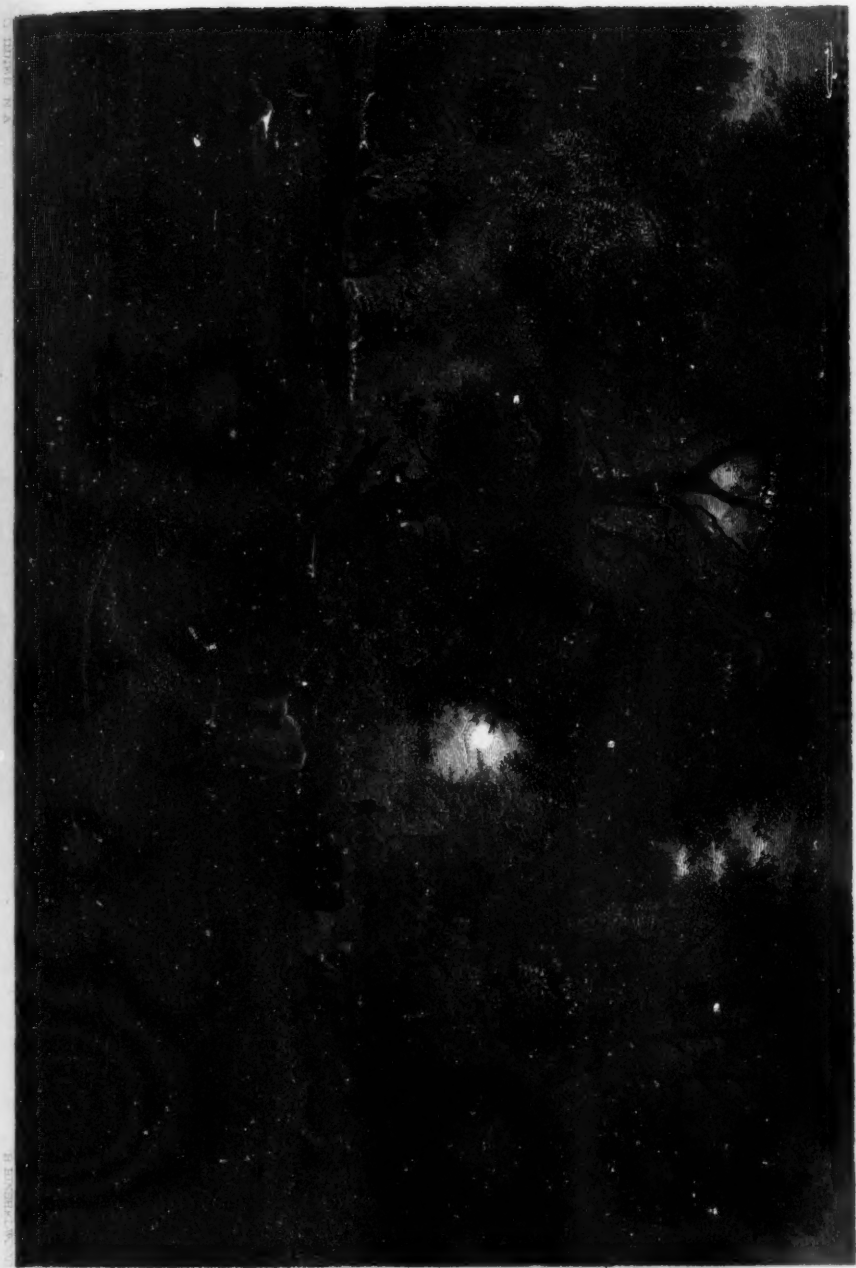
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